CHICAGO LEDGER

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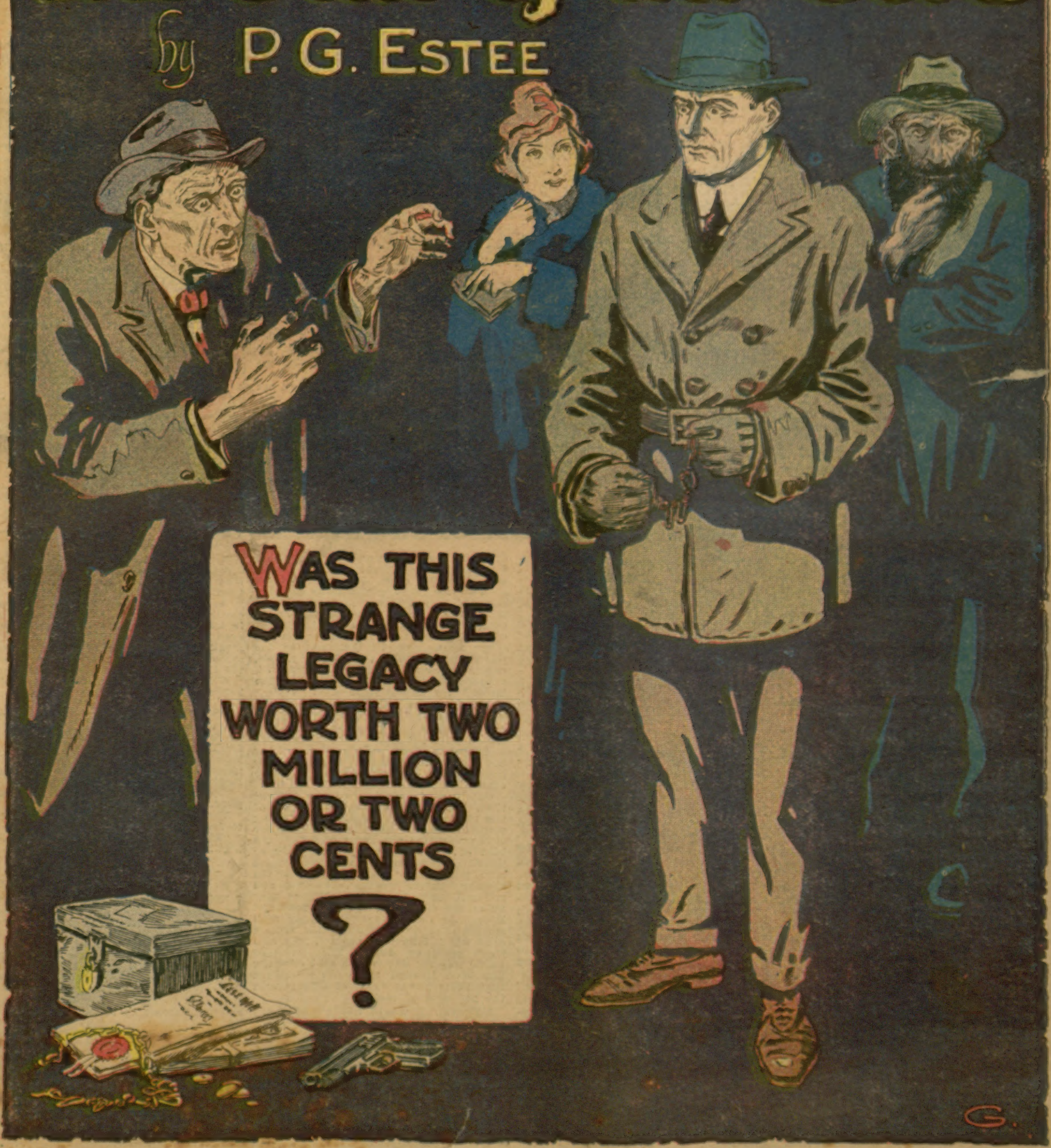
The Clue of the Cord

by P. G. ESTEE



WAS THIS STRANGE LEGACY WORTH TWO MILLION OR TWO CENTS ?

CHICAGO LEDGER

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GENTLE JABS.

The "pen" is mightier than the county jail.

The harder it rains the more soft water we get.

Some roses are known by the cheeks they decorate.

Too often when the heart is willing the purse is weak.

Look out for hard times; the days are getting shorter.

The late husband catches the early morning lecture.

You can't stretch your word very far without breaking it.

Give a pig plenty of milk and it will make a hog of itself.

An old bachelor says a fool and his money are soon wedded.

The motto of some men is, "Give me liberty, or give me debt!"

A great many uncalled for remarks reach the dead letter office.

The more a man knows about love the less experience he has had.

If a pupil is backward it is up to the teacher to bring him forward.

If the victims remain single there is no objection to love at first sight.

Don't get too close to your friends or they may accidentally step on you.

If a man trusts to luck for his happiness he will be in luck when he gets it.

A little guying judiciously administered often makes a weak man strong.

The schoolboy thinks that a switch in the hand is worse than a dozen in the bush.

The Lord will provide—that is, He will provide us with the ability to provide for ourselves.

Many people think of a free government as one which does not employ tax collectors.

It is the long hours and short pay that make the average country youth down on the farm.

It is easier for one wise man to fool a dozen fools than for a dozen fools to fool one wise man.

Once in about ten thousand times a girl really does get angry when a young man steals a kiss.

It is difficult to realize that the sweet girl graduate was once a short-haired baby with a red nose.

Many a young girl who objects to being the wife of a wealthy old man wouldn't object to being his widow.

Yes, Hazel, when a bride has to roll up her sleeves and learn the art of cooking corned beef and cabbage the honeymoon has set.

She could hold her head up in the air;
She could hold her own most anywhere;
She could hold a man till he was stung,
But, alas! she couldn't hold her tongue.

The Editor Out-Omars Omar

I.

WAKE! For the Boss who Rules with Rod of Steel
The Underlings beneath him on the Ledger Wheel
Has told Ye Ed too Waggish are his "Talks."
Sez he: "You can't write something Grave and Real!"

III.

And as he roars and those who stand quite near
His Sanctum Sanctyorum shrink with Fear,
Ye Ed himself walks sadly to his desk
And there proceeds to task that's dull and drear.

XII.

A Pad of Copy Sheets upon his Knee,
His Cheeks Aflame with Roars of M. M. T.
Oh, Fates, that force an Editor to write!
A Wilderness a Paradise would be!

XIII.

Some for the Glories of this World and some
Sigh for the Bolshevik Elysium to come.
Ah, take them all, and give us one Idea
To strike the dreadful Merlin-Moore quite dumb!

XXI.

Ah, Miss Jeannie, fill the old ink pot;
Close soft the door and stand upon the Spot
Whence all approach to interrupt Ye Ed.
Ye Ed his weekly article must Plot.

XXIX.

Into this Article and Why not Knowing,
Nor Whence, like Water willy-nilly flowing.
And out of it, as Wind along the Waste,
We know not whither, willy-nilly blowing.

XXXII.

This is THE door to which there is no Key.
This is THE veil thru which we cannot See.
Thrown into Misery alone with Ink and Pen
Because of sev'n short words from M. M. T.

XLVI.

But fear not, for the Dead Line closing down
Will save the Day this time. From Town
Next week Ye Ed will flee a Hundred Miles
No more again to hunt for Verb and Noun.

LXIX.

A Helpless Die, a'roll on Ledger's Block;
Victim of every closing Date and Clock.
And M. M. T who rolls you 'cross the Board
Shouts: "Seven—come! The Make-up Man must Lock!"

LXXI.

The Managing Ed proclaims, and having Spoke
Sits back, enveloped in his Cloak
Of Dignity Supreme. Nor all your Tears and Cries
Shall lure him to relent. Grim Joke!

* * * * * * *

LXXXII.

As under cover of departing Day,
We locked our Desk quite tight and walked Away,
We paused a second, looked around the Place
Studying quite close the Shapes of Clay.

LXXXIII.

Shapes of all sorts and sizes, great and small,
That sketched and wrote in rooms along the Hall.
And some loquacious were and some
Listened a lot, but never talked at all.

LXXXVI.

And then the Scrub Woman we Spied
Mop, Pail and Brush together Tied.
And Idea struck—WE'D scrub the Floor next week,
And let the Lady write our Talk inside.

CI.

And so, oh M. M. T. when next you stare
At Ledger's pages, colorful and fair,
And in your joyous errand reach the Spot
Where We made One—why We shall not be There!

TAMAM.

The Editor.

P. G. Estee Discourses on Himself

WITH reference to your request for some of the high lights of my career of authorship and other crimes (Ed. note: We brought this on ourselves.) I will say briefly that I presume I enjoy writing for two reasons which have stood out paramount since my boyhood days. First, I need the money; second, it is a game, and I was born with a desire for taking part in games. As a boy anything from mumblety-peg to baseball was attractive, and even yet, at the advanced age of 44, I am able and willing to take a hand at any game from croquet up—only football barred.

My first story, sold when I was a raw country lad of 17, living in the wheat belt of Minnesota, was a baseball yarn and tho it was written in long hand, a carbon copy of which I can barely decipher at this date, it sold for real money to the now defunct Golden Days, of Philadelphia.

My next sale made one year later, was a short story and went to Youth's Companion. Strangely enough, altho I have used stamps enough almost to pave the way from my present home in South Dakota to Boston, I have been able to sell the Youth's Companion only one story since that time.

Still following my desire for a "game" I later took up railroad work which is a game and a hard one, too. I did everything for a time; rustling baggage for night trains, scrubbing, carrying mail and the like, until I graduated from the "ham telegrapher" class and could wear a cap with the word "operator" in gold letters. That meant that I received the magnificent wage of forty per month, a sum the present generation of youths would consider barely sufficient for silk shirts and cigarettes. Before leaving the railroad service I worked on a dozen different roads, east and west, and held a "trick" as train dispatcher, the ladder top at which most young operators strive. No great wealth came as a result of my fifteen years of railroad work, but I have since cashed in on some of those hard years, when I sat down to write tales for the Ledger and other magazines. In fact, out of the many stories sold the Boyce people, ninety per cent have been yarns with a railroad background, many times the latter being actual place stuff.

I have even written one serial photoplay and sold it—receiving one thousand dollars and courteous treatment. Since then I have submitted some twenty-five manuscripts and received everything but real money and treatment either honest or courteous, except in rare cases.

Outside of writing, at the present time, I own and manage a temple of the photoplay art; namely, one moving picture theater. As the busy hours for that occupation are evenings I have the best of the day for my typewriter or pencil. However, you will note that I still pursue a "game." For in the theater game, weather, express and railroad service and local doings may make the difference between profit and loss. At the same time, I may mail stories, and various uncertain factors over which I have no control, may also mean profit or loss. The game of authorship for one who is still climbing has been likened to roulette—and at that, there is not so much difference in the per cent of chance.

However, I would not abandon my attempt to climb for many times the financial reward that I really receive for my work.

"The Clew of the Cord" was one of my stories that found an editor in a friendly mood and that hand went to me. Like most of my favorite tales, it has a railroad lurking in the background and was evolved from my experiences while railroading in Idaho and Washington.

The Oracle Speaketh.

MY SISTER, many a time and oft hath it been told thee that consistency is a JEWEL and ever and anon, it were a MAN who pointed it out to thee thereby implying that thou wert lacking in that ESSENTIAL. Yea, verily, at the same time, he didst ILLUSTRATE his curtain lecture by saying: "Behold ME. I am the ESSENCE of all that is logical. GAZE on me and PROFIT thereby."

And when he wert finished, he didst sit back in his chair and SWELL with self-satisfaction, like unto a pouter pigeon strutting before his MATE. And for FIVE minutes thereafter, he wert as logical as a problem in GEOMETRY.

But the STRAIN after that, wert too GREAT, and so he reverted to TYPE. Mayhap, thou didst not witness the change, but fear not, it took PLACE. No sooner didst the POSE become burdensome, than he UP and set off at a TANGENT.

For let him not DECEIVE thee. Of all the INCONSISTENT creatures on the face of God's earth, MAN, logical man, is the MOST inconsistent—except, perhaps, in his INCONSISTENCY. Doth he tell thee he lovest a QUIET, modest little girl, then thou are a FOOL if thou dost not wear thy long, black EARRINGS and most VAMPISH air when he is about. If, perchance, he voiceth a PREDILECTION for the "Jolly good fellow," make thyself as demure and shrinking as a wood VIOLET.

Once there were a man whose taste in girls—so he said—wert QUIET. Yet, in his young manhood and thru his THIRTIES, he didst pass his TIME with a damsel who dressed like an exaggerated fashion plate and wore more ROUGE and RICE POWDER than she couldst buy in ONE store. After he had dallied with her for five years, he didst pick out a friend of his sister's (one of these quiet, mouse-like girls, who art neither HERE nor THERE) and he didst ask her to MARRY him.

But the lady whom he had HONORED by asking her to take his NAME, refused. "If I am not GOOD ENOUGH or clever enough to be taken about by thee, neither am I good enough to be the MOTHER of thy children." And the MAN wert wroth. But not much SYMPATHY did he get from his five-year COMPANION. Said she: "If I am not GOOD ENOUGH or clever enough to be your WIFE, neither am I good enough to be your PAL."

And the man left HER, and he was exceedingly BITTER, for TWO women had thus displayed their INCONSISTENCY. And he didst tell ALL his male FRIENDS about it and they didst agree with HIM. For verily, they were MEN and thus didst they display their remarkable ILLOGICAL LOGIC. I have spoken. Farewell.

* * *

Wings for Mrs. Vanderbilt.

MRS. W. K. VANDERBILT tells this story on herself:

She was doing canteen work in France during the recent misunderstanding in that vicinity, and devoted considerable time to entertaining American soldiers in one of the hostess' houses. Being a capable dancer and attractive, she was in much demand among the boys. One evening she danced several times with a tall, tow-haired doughboy who showed symptoms of great loneliness and talked volubly about things back in Michigan.

When the evening ended, the tow-headed one came over to Mrs. Vanderbilt.

"I've had a bully time," he said, "and I want to keep track of you. We're moving out of here tomorrow for the front. But if we get back, I'd like to look you up over in the States. My name is Albert Bridgeman, from Grand Rapids. What's yours?"

"I'm Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt," she replied.

The doughboy scanned her from head to foot.

"That's right, chicken," he said, "fly high!"

* * *

A New Game.

UNCLE JACK and Uncle James had come to see their sister and her sweet little children, and, like the good-natured fellows they are, they were soon inveigled into the nursery.

For a while there was nothing more than the usual amount of uproarious riot which denoted that the little ones were perfectly happy; but at last the noise increased to such a terrific extent that mamma hurried up to find out the cause of it.

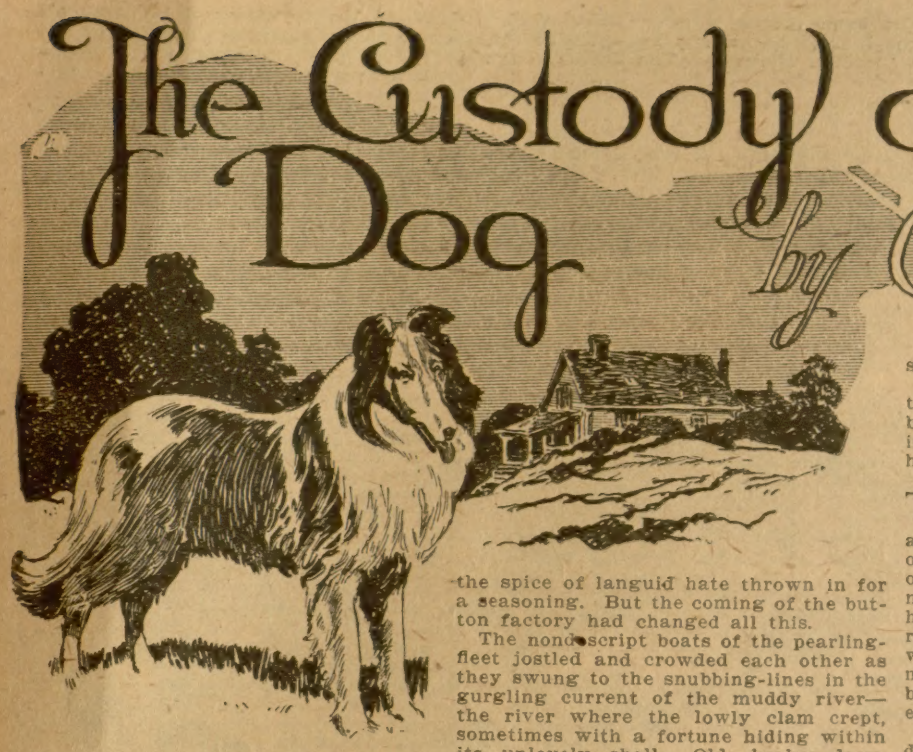
"Why, children, children!" she cried, "whatever is all this noise about?"

But little Freddy only smiled.

"It's all right, mummy," he said, "we're playing a new game; we've locked Uncle Jack and Uncle James up in the cupboard, an' when they get a bit angrier I'm going to play going into the lions' den. Will you stop and see the play?"

The Custody of the Dog

by Chart Pitt



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WHEN Wellington, the collie dog, limped up to the kitchen door, and found a red-headed woman in charge of his master's house, he knew that something had happened.

"Don't come sneaking around here, you gluttonous hound," the woman stormed as she brandished a broom in the dog's face. "The Old Man is dead, and it'll be a dark day before you find anybody else foolish enough to spend their money buying meat for a dog—money that ought to have been saved for the heirs."

The collie recoiled in horror. The loud-mouthed female didn't need to tell him that the master had gone upon that long journey of which he sometimes used to speak, as they sat together in the firelight.

There was the smell of death in the air. The wind, that rustled among the frost-yellowed leaves of the hickory trees, had dropped into a morbid lament, such a lament as only a dog could understand. Wellington lifted his nose to the blue Wisconsin skies, and voiced his grief in a shivering wail, after the fashion of his kind. But the wielder of the broom was upon him. Anger and fear had turned her into a raging fury.

The dog darted out of the gate and turned into the road that followed the twisting course of the river—the dreamy, muddy Wolf that his master had loved so well. Fear was too heavy upon him to admit of delay, but he turned his head for a backward glance as he ran.

It was hard to part from the gray, old building that had been his home since he could remember, but he had no hope of making anybody understand. There never had been but one man who understood dogs, and that man was dead, and Wellington, the collie, was denied the right to watch beside his body, a thing that had been the undisputed privilege of his kind since that morning in the early dawn of time when the first man and the first dog went out to share the perils of life together.

The red-headed woman was standing in the doorway, still clutching her broom like a club. Both hate and greed were plainly written upon her flaming, freckle-blotched face. Wellington had seen this creature upon several former occasions. Always she had come with a tale of woe to weep into his master's ear, and always she had gone away with money clutched in her grasping fist. It was Avaline Plunket, the dead man's daughter, a sister to the fleas that hopped about in the sand beneath the old house—hungry bloodsuckers all of them.

The dog's bitter reflections ended in a shock of collision, and a string of horrible, snarling oaths that gushed from the lips of a heavy-set man who was hurrying toward the house of death.

The collie leaped into the hazel-nut bushes that lined the river bank, and escaped. He had seen the fellow before—and knew what the toe of his number ten boot felt like. It was Amos Bland, a brother of the red-headed broom-wielder. Like hers, his visits to the old house had been in quest of money.

Wellington circled back into the road, and trotted down into the straggling town of Fremont. The dog realized that he was homeless. There could be no such thing as going back to the old house, where the red-headed Avaline had taken charge.

FREMONT had been a town where people lived easily, and found dying about the only exciting thing that crept into their lives. It was a settlement of old timers and their children who had thrived upon a diet of petty gossip, with the spice of languid hate thrown in for a seasoning. But the coming of the button factory had changed all this.

The nondescript boats of the pearling-fleet jostled and crowded each other as they swung to the snubbing-lines in the gurgling current of the muddy river—the river where the lowly clam crept, sometimes with a fortune hiding within its unlovely shell. Old, broken-down river-runners dozed in the noonday sun, dreaming of the millions they would make on the morrow. Young men spent their hard earned dollars with what they thought to be reckless abandon.

Wellington knew it was useless to look for a friend in Fremont, where people who had dozed in the quiet content of stagnation, suddenly had been touched with a man-sized, primitive passion.

Never once did the dog look about him as he trotted thru the town. His eyes were focused upon the farms that dotted the lower valley of the Wolf. Out there the blue hills rolled away till they were lost in the soft, hazy skies of Wisconsin. There the corn was in the shock, and the rural folk were getting ready for the lone, bleak days to come. Somewhere in that land of flocks and herds there should be a place for a dog like him.

"There's the Old Man's dog now. He used to bring him down here every day for his beefsteak—and no cheap cut either."

Wellington glanced over his shoulder. Butcher Smith was standing in the door of his shop, talking to a young man. The stranger turned his head at the words. As he did so, a spirit of abysmal loneliness welled up in the heart of the outcast dog. It found its voice in a sobbing, throaty howl that went fluttering away into the unfriendly world.

For the face of the stranger was something that had no business being there in Fremont, or anywhere else, for that matter. It was the face of a man who had died long ago. The master had told him so. It was the face that had hung in its walnut frame above the fireplace in the old home from which he had been driven.

Wellington knew all about that boy who had gone away because of a misunderstanding with his father, and had been too proud to return. But the stranger was not a day older than the man of the picture, and Wellington knew that men as well as dogs grew old with the years.

"Suppose he knows something has happened to Grandfather?"

"I'll bet you the best steak I got in the shop that he's discovered your aunt Ava," the butcher grinned. "She's gone up and taken charge of things. I don't figure on getting rich off the meat she buys for Wellington."

The dog stretched out in the dusty street. His eyes still looked down the valley, where the farms were beginning to grow vague and shadowy under the gathering twilight. Something told him that he never would follow the white ribbon of the road, unless it was at the heels of this soft-voiced man who had called the dead master "Grandfather."

"Give him his usual piece of meat," the stranger said to Smith. "I never did own a dog—until now. Didn't feel I could afford to."

The collie turned his head away as he heard the footsteps approaching.

"Here's your supper, Wellington," the friendly voice said, close to the dog's ear. He turned and saw the stranger bending over him, a piece of juicy steak in his fingers. But it was something more than meat the dog craved. He glanced into the man's face—and saw the soul of the dead master shining out of the serious eyes.

Slowly the collie lifted his nose to the darkening skies and sounded his sobbing call of grief.

"Don't feel so bad, old boy," the stranger soothed. "We can't bring your master back, but you're not going hungry. I can't feed you T-bone steaks like Grandfather did, but we'll go fifty-fifty on the grub question."

"That dog will be just the thing you'll need, Doctor, if you locate in Fremont. You can leave him to watch the car while you're looking after your patients," the butcher suggested.

"There won't be any car," the stranger smiled sadly. "I'll have to walk."

Wellington followed his new friend to the hotel that stood at the foot of the bridge. He watched him enter the building, then trotted off to the stable, to find himself a bed in the hay.

THE chattering of jays awoke him the next morning. The sun was rising above the distant meadows. All memory of his bereavement had been blotted out in the blackness of sleep. For a moment he pricked up his ears, hoping to hear the voice of his master. Then he remembered that the silver-haired man would never speak to him again. The master had gone upon his long journey, but no life except his would be left empty because of his going.

Only the young stranger seemed to understand what death meant to a dog—the tragic sorrow of the dumb, that must be borne in silence.

He went into the street and waited for the coming of his friend—the one man in Fremont who hadn't gone mad under the whip of the pearl-hunt. He hadn't long to wait. The doctor came down the steps, carrying a paper bag in his hand.

"I told you it would be fifty-fifty," he chuckled, as he spread a strange assortment of food before the collie. "I ordered steak instead of eggs, because I thought dogs might not like such things."

Wellington ate his breakfast, and together they started up the road, headed for the old house where a red-headed woman maintained her authority by the weight of a heavy broom.

Mrs. Plunket was waiting for them at the door. She greeted the doctor with a frozen smile.

"Paul Bland, you're a perfect picture of your dad when he was your age," she commented critically. "I don't see why the Old Man was so set on having you come to the funeral—after all he suffered because of your father," she sniffed.

Then her suspicious eyes caught sight of Wellington.

"Chase that dirty dog away," she ordered loftily. "The worthless brute has eaten up half of my inheritance already."

"He's going in to see Grandfather." The doctor spoke softly and without a trace of emotion; but there was something in the even voice that thrilled the dog—something that sounded like the passionless ring of steel, hard tempered under the hammer of misfortune.

The red-haired woman went sniffing away in high-headed contempt.

"Perhaps the Old Man left you the hound-dog in his will," she spit out the words in spiteful bitterness. "I understand he left money for you to come to the funeral."

"I guess Grandfather had been keeping an eye on me, Aunt Ava, and knew I couldn't come without his help. I've just got out of college—and owe for my last year's tuition."

It was in the trembling arms of the doctor that the collie looked down into the cold, peaceful face of the dead master. Then silently they left the room.

Wellington waited in the yard for the doctor. When he came out of the house he carried a chain in his hand. It was snapped into the collar that circled the animal's neck, and he was fastened to one of the trees. Then the young man returned to the silent building.

Soon the people began to drift up from the town in automobiles, buggies, and on foot. They filled the house, and overflowed into the yard.

The sound of low, mournful singing came to him from within.

The sky had gone gray, and the wind held a touch of frost. It was a reminder that winter was creeping down across the northern forests—a reminder that a kind old man had gone out upon the long journey of death.

Soon the door of the farmhouse opened and the crowd filed into the yard, two by two, their heads bared to the drift of the sharp-edged breeze.

Wellington saw them carry the master past, in his somber, plush-covered casket and go winding up the road that led to the cemetery, where the marble monuments fringed the sky-line like a row of snarling teeth.

The collie felt the sting of his imprisonment. He had followed the master thru sunshine and rain. Now they were leaving him behind.

In his bed among the fallen leaves he watched the far procession, watched until it came back down the hill; and the doctor hurried over and released him. The hand upon the chain trembled. Wellington looked up into the face that had

"I'll Have to Order the Marshal to Shoot Him Tomorrow, Unless You Come Across With a Dollar."

grown old and gray, like the rest of the world.

THE collie followed his new friend into the house. A handful of people from the village were scattered about the room. The red-headed Avaline and her surly brother were seated together at one side of the table. Across from them stood Lawyer Barber, with a paper in his hand.

"It was Mr. Bland's instructions that the will be opened and read in the presence of certain people. In deference to the dead man's wish, you have remained for that purpose."

Aunt Ava moved nervously in her seat as the lawyer unfolded the paper and hurriedly began to skim thru the legal form that preceded the specified bequests.

"To Paul Bland I leave the old, abandoned home on the river road—the place where his father was born."

Uncle Amos turned a smiling face toward the corner where the doctor stood; a white-throated collie dog stretched out at his feet.

Aunt Ava sniffed as tho something was offensive to her delicate nostrils. Her chin was lifted high in hopeful toleration of the slow-reading lawyer.

"My farm I leave to my son, Amos Bland, on condition that the stock and equipment be maintained at its present state of efficiency."

Uncle Amos settled down in his seat, his old, confidential bearing returned.

"To my daughter, Avaline," the lawyer continued with provoking deliberation, "I leave my town property, consisting of four houses and lots on Back street and one stone business block situated at the foot of the bridge, known as the Bland Block; on condition that they, too be kept in repair."

Mr. Barber took off his glasses and began polishing them with a piece of buckskin. The red-haired woman seized upon the opportunity.

"I've been planning on having the Bland Block remodeled into a dwelling, everything modern and up to date. It's the best location in town. A person can't come across the bridge or go up Front street without being in plain sight of the windows. I'll make it the show place of the Wolf. I ought to be able to get it fitted up in time to give a Christmas party—and I'll invite all you people," she added as she shot a smirking glance at the assembled witnesses.

Uncle Amos cleared his throat with noisy effort.

"I'm going to turn the old farm into a racing stable," he confided. "It's something this county has needed for a long time. I'll fix up ball grounds and organize a team. If I don't put Fremont on the sport map my name's not Amos Bland."

"But the money—and the mortgages—who gets them?" the red-headed woman became suddenly suspicious. "I'll need a lot of money to remodel the Bland Block."

"And I'll need my half of it to get the stables going," his brother flared in open warfare.

The lawyer was standing with the paper in his hand. Plainly he was waiting for the storm to blow over before attempting to finish the reading of the will. The room grew silent. Suppressed breathing sounded loud and unreal in the strained hush.

"To each of the above-mentioned heirs is given the right to use and enjoy the property severally allotted to them for the period of one year, at which time the entire estate will be disposed of according to instructions contained in the sealed codicil herewith attached."

"But the money?" The woman lifted her voice in unladylike proportions. "And what are the conditions?" Her question was echoed by the wheezing, nasal tones of the man who had an ambition to put Fremont on the sport map.

"Mr. Bland thought it best that the conditions should remain unknown for the present. The moneys and securities are left in my care, subject to the last reading of the will," the lawyer smiled softly as he folded the paper.

Wellington trotted out of the room. The sound of voices rose in a sullen undertone behind him, voices that at times were drowned by the thin, whining complaint of Aunt Ava. Up the hill road he trotted. The wrangling over the inheritance meant nothing to him. It was the dead man he wanted—not the raiment he had left behind him.

The scent-trail of the funeral party still clung to the dusty road, and over the grassy sward to where a fresh mound of red clay lay bleak and lone beneath the gray sky.

There on the trampled ground, Wellington stretched out in silent communion with the dead master, as was his ancient right.

The hours slipped by uncounted. A listless, murky twilight settled over the lonely hill, and with it came the doctor. Gently he lifted the dog's head, and led him away—into a new life, that in some strange way seemed to Wellington to be but the continuation of the old.

A YEAR slipped by. The boats of the pearling fleet still jostled one another in the muddy water of the Wolf. A few more of the old-time log-running river men had been carried up to the hill where the marble monuments fringed the sky-line like a row of snarling teeth; and a few more clam-diggers had drifted into town and taken their places.

Fremont had not been placed upon the sport map. Neither had the Bland Block been remodeled into a residential castle from whose windows Avaline Plunket could sweep the length of the street with prying eyes.

Yet it had been a wonderful year for Wellington, the white-throated collie dog. There had been no porterhouse steaks for his breakfast; but he had eaten his share of a doctor's lean rations, and never lost his faith in the man he had chosen as a friend.

Death had not dimmed his memory of the master who had gone; neither could hunger lessen his love for Paul Bland. Faith and poverty were the twin fibres of his soul—a blood trait that ran back to the lean, hard hills of Scotland.

He had trotted at the doctor's heels thru winter snows and summer dust, as that serious young man walked the roads to minister to the sick and afflicted, sometimes a rich farmer from the valley, but more often a broken-down clam-digger in his shanty-boat up river.

Now the ducks were once more flying southward, clamoring their fear of the winter that was following fast upon their trail. Ever since daylight the boom of shotguns had been drifting up from the sloughs and marshes of the Wolf. It had been a good season on the clam-beds, and Fremont was lounging in the lap of lazy content.

Doctor Bland was the one exception. Prosperity had passed him by. His face looked more thin and drawn than usual as he came out of the little, storm-racked building on the river road, and reached a hand down in greeting to the dog.

"We've done the best we could, old boy," he whispered to the collie, "but there's one too many doctors in this town already. Somebody has got to move out—and I guess that's us. We're almost cleaned out, Wellington, but we'll get a piece of meat for our breakfast—the last one we'll ever eat in Fremont," he added.

AT THE turn of the road they met Lawyer Barber, the legal handy man of the Wolf.

"I was looking over my books this morning, and find the tax hasn't been paid on that dog. I'll have to order the Marshal to shoot him tomorrow, unless you come across with a dollar. That's the law, you know."

"Wait a minute." The doctor began emptying his pockets, counting the small coins they contained. "Here, take it all—a nickel won't buy anything in Fremont," he mumbled as he poured the chicken feed into the lawyer's hand, and received his tax receipt.

Then the man and dog returned to the old house on the river road—returned to a breakfast of cold potatoes.

"We might as well go up and watch Aunt Ava and Uncle Amos fight over their inheritance," he suggested to the collie as he shoved back from the table.

Time was nothing to the two unfortunates, and they squandered it lavishly upon that trip to the Bland Farm. They found the people waiting for them. Lawyer Barber unfolded a paper as he rose from his seat.

"We've waited a year to read this part of the will, as Mr. Bland wished," he began, only to be crowded out by the petulant voice of Aunt Ava.

"Yes, and it's been a wasted year, if you want to know what I think about it, fussing around with that kudicle, or whatever it is you call it. I never did have any time to waste on foreign words. Here I been setting around, waiting to fix over the Bland Block, and leather furniture getting higher every day. I reckon it'll cost me a thousand dollars extra to furnish the place. There's been a murder in town and two fires since then, and me setting up there on Back street, and never knew a thing about them till everything was over. But I'll make up for it now. I'm going to start a newspaper in the back end of the Block. Mr. Plunket has been to Oshkosh learning to print, and I'll look after the reporting and editing of it. A newspaper is the one thing Fremont has needed this long time. You just want to keep an eye on the editorials of the Plunket Weekly. There's them in this town that's going to feel the power of the press."

"You might boost my racing stables," Uncle Amos ventured gingerly, as tho he was not fully decided whether to make use of his sister or fight her.

"I'm going to run for sheriff next spring," he continued. "We might be able to help one another. I could put you on to a lot of official news—most everybody comes to court with their troubles—especially family rows."

THEN Lawyer Barber rustled the paper violently to attract their attention, and began to read.

"'I, James Bland, being of sound mind, do hereby give and bequeath all my property, personal and real, to the party or parties unknown to me, who shall have provided a home for my dog, Wellington.'"

"That means me, I guess," Aunt Ava lied blithely. "I always fed him whenever he was at home. Of course the old fellow missed his master and was wandering around looking for him. All you people know that I took good care of him—don't you?"

"Av Plunket, you never gave a dog a bone in your life," Uncle Amos snarled at his sister. "Wellington went with the farm—he was part of the stock—I can bring a hundred people to prove he's been out here at the farm right along."

"I think the dead man has made provision for settling this thing peacefully." The lawyer once more rustled the paper, preparing to read.

"In case of dispute and contending claims, the party who shall have paid the current dog tax upon the animal shall be considered as having complied with the provisions of this bequest."

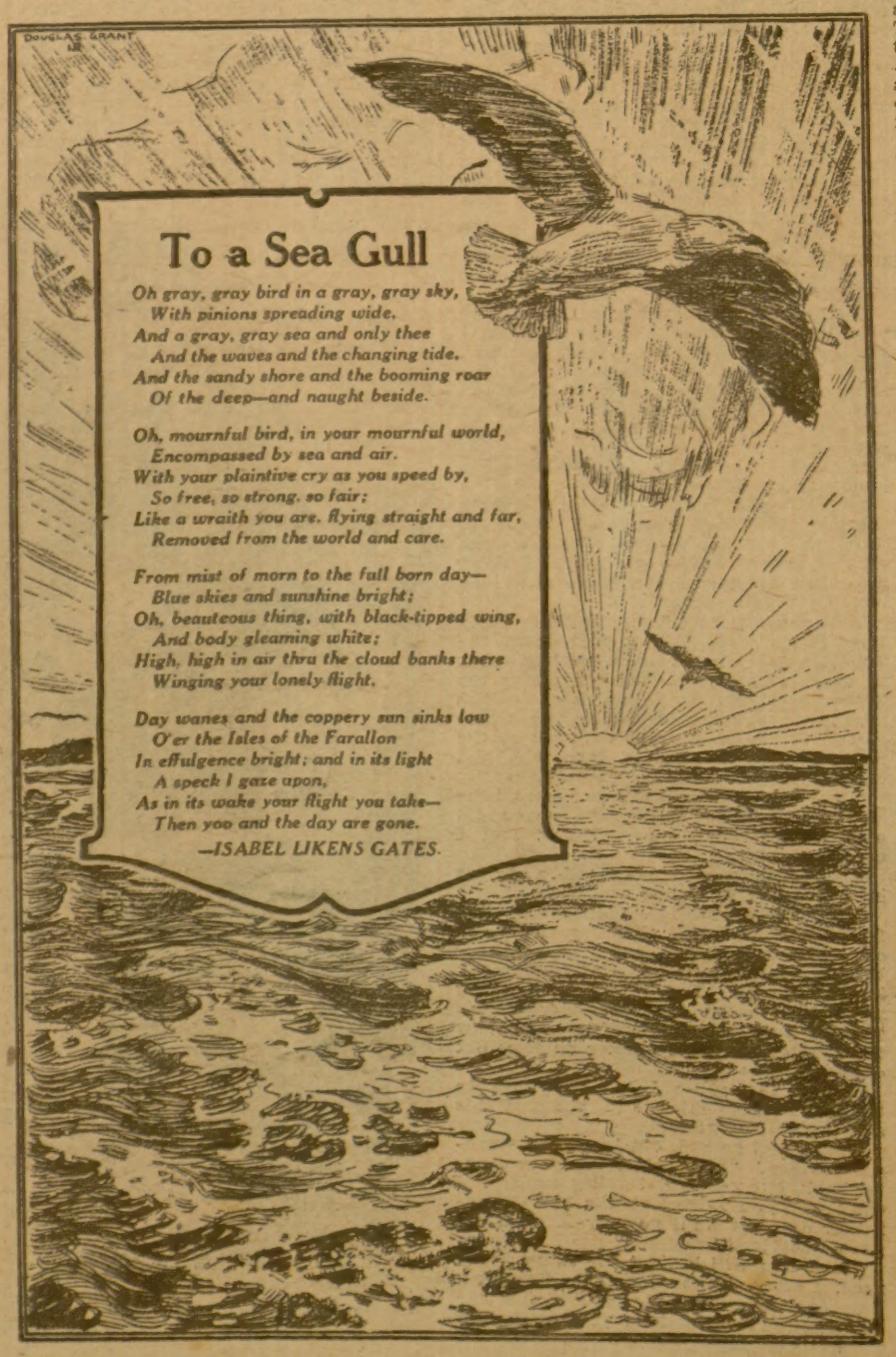
"That makes it all right for me," Amos chuckled. "You made out the license to me, didn't you? You know we was talking about it just this morning."

"Me, too!" Aunt Ava thrust her thin, freckled face between the two men. "I didn't have the money with me, but I went home after it, and I met Mrs. Pots and she was a-telling how the minister was carrying on something scandalous with his housekeeper—and then I forgot all about the dog license."

Lawyer Barber folded up the paper, and placed it in Paul Bland's hand.

"I'm sorry, Mrs. Plunket; but you and your brother both had your chance—and didn't use it.

"Do you know what your nephew did when I told him about the tax? He turned his pockets wrong side out, hunting for enough money to satisfy the law—and he found it, too—one dollar and five cents—and he told me to keep the change."



To a Sea Gull

Oh gray, gray bird in a gray, gray sky,
With pinions spreading wide,
And a gray, gray sea and only thee
And the waves and the changing tide,
And the sandy shore and the booming roar
Of the deep—and naught beside.

Oh, mournful bird, in your mournful world,
Encompassed by sea and air,
With your plaintive cry as you speed by,
So free, so strong, so fair;
Like a wraith you are, flying straight and far,
Removed from the world and care.

From mist of morn to the full born day—
Blue skies and sunshine bright;
Oh, beauteous thing, with black-tipped wing,
And body gleaming white;
High, high in air thru the cloud banks there
Winging your lonely flight.

Day wanes and the coppery sun sinks low
O'er the Isles of the Farallon
In effulgence bright; and in its light
A speck I gaze upon,
As in its wake your flight you take—
Then you and the day are gone.

—ISABEL LIKENS GATES.

The Needful Word.

"SO YOU let him get away, eh?" said the proprietor with mingled bitterness and philosophy. "And you had him right to the point. Your sales talk was good, right up to the last minute, when you omitted the convincing word."

"Looks that way."

"Sure does. You remind me forcibly of the case of a colored hack driver down South. One day he and his dilapidated cab and moth-eaten horse were all asleep by the curb. It was noon. Ten minutes till time for the train, and the depot was a mile away. A fat traveling man of middle age came swearing along toting two heavy grips and hastening toward the depot. Seeing the cab idle, he called to the driver:

"'Hey, boy, can you get me to that train in ten minutes?'

"'Dunno, boss, dis hyer hoss he putty tolable ole. He war in de ahmy, boss man.'

"'Was he in the war? I was in the cavalry myself. Get into that cab and I'll get that horse there in time.'

"The driver got inside and the traveling man mounted the driver's seat. As he did he yelled, 'Tenshun!' The old horse stuck his head up for the first time in twenty years—tail ditto. 'Charge!' yelled the fare sharply. He charged! Away he went striking fire from the bowlders. The outfit reached the station just as the train did. 'Halt!' yelled the fare and leaped from the seat as the horse came to a skating stop. Tossing a dollar to the astonished occupant of the cab, the traveler ran to his train.

"That negro driver was the most astonished man in twelve States. He had seen a miracle occur right under his nose. He muttered and chuckled and forgodsaked and goodlawsamassied to himself almost continuously.

"Next day about the same time history repeated itself in the form of a younger but equally fat and belated traveling man who wanted to make the train.

"'Yassah! boss man, ah think ah kin make hit,' and the man got in.

"'Ten-shun!' yelled the driver, and the horse obeyed.

"'Charge!' and again the horse did so.

"Down to the station, across the railroad tracks, past the train whose engine bell was ringing to start.

"'Say, nigger,' yelled the traveling man from the cab window, 'wynell don't you stop? Here's the depot?'

"'Ah knows dat, boss, but ah done fo'got dat las' word.'

"'So, my boy, when you get a sale as nearly completed as you just had that one don't forget dat las' word! Close it!'"

The Conductor's Hope.

"I HOPE," said the car conductor, pensively, after taking the names of the people who saw the lady lose her balance, "that women will vote, and that they'll have a political party of their own and a convention and a platform."

"And then what?"

"And that they'll advocate capital punishment for anybody who gets off the platform backward."

THE CLUE OF THE CORD

by P. G. Estee

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THERE used to be a popular song which mentioned the manifold and unpleasant things that might happen to the "Fellow That Looks Like Me." Samuel Northman hummed the air softly as hurrying up the street in Tacoma's business section he found himself close behind a chap whose head of hair closely rivaled his own, which among his fellow railroad workers had won him the sobriquet of Rhode Island Red. Not only that; the other fellow had the same build and pretty nearly the same "get there" gait, quickly acquired by the railroader, with whom being on time is not a virtue but a necessity.

With his curiosity somewhat aroused, Northman drew the collar of his mackinaw higher and swung nearer as both turned towards the Government mail bureau. Except for the fact that Northman's face was just then covered with a rough stubble of beard, the other man was a fair double, even to the dark eyes and heavy black brows that nearly met across the bridge of the nose.

The man ahead made directly for the general delivery window and Sam followed, still curious.

"Samuel J. Northman," stated the stranger briskly.

For answer the clerk threw down a red card easily recognizable as a registry notice. Now, being also the bearer of the name Samuel J. Northman, Sam considered himself justified in indulging in a little detective-like camouflage until he discovered whether or not the unknown was really endeavoring to obtain another's mail. So when the stranger turned up the corridor the real Sam was intently studying a poster, but when the other chap approached the registry window, the railroad man was again within hearing and noted with relief the familiar features of his friend, Dave Robinson, who was on duty at that window. His relief turned to annoyance a moment later when Robinson greeted the first comer with a chummy smile.

"No need of indentification for you, Sam. Just sign here. When'd you get back from pounding brass at that little mountain telegraph station to which you were condemned by an unfeeling railroad corporation?"

As he spoke Robinson was slipping a rather bulky envelope thru the grill, and Northman decided it was time to get into the game.

"Who's your friend, Dave?" he asked, stepping close, so that the clerk could not fail to see the scar that still decorated his chin, where the latter's boxing glove had landed in a bout on the occasion of Sam's last visit to the city.

"Why——!" began the postoffice man, turning white.

And then the other man whirled, his left whipped a blow at Sam's face, while his right hand snatched at the letter, still in Robinson's fingers. Northman, however, was not caught napping. He warded the sudden blow deftly and held firmly to the envelope. Instantly the unknown took to his heels, running down the corridor and disappearing thru the heavy outer doors.

"Our friend only has the envelope end," smiled Sam, at the still incoherent Robinson. "Now, let's see what made this letter so attractive."

The epistle was a long one, written on a typewriter and dated Spokane, Wash. It read:

Samuel J. Northman,
Tacoma, Wash.

Dear Sir:

Your grandfather, Alvah Northman, died one week ago. As sole executor I am following instructions and mailing yourself and Mr. Northman's son, Rodney, a draft for ten thousand dollars each. To each of you I am also inclosing a piece of plain Manila cord. Mr. Northman personally prepared these cords and it was his wish that yourself and uncle endeavor to learn the exceedingly valuable secret which he assured me the cords could reveal. The one coming first to me with the message of the cord correctly interpreted, will, after due legal proceedings, become the heir to the balance of Mr. Northman's fortune, approximating some two millions, the present location of which is unknown to us, or, as far as we can learn, to any living person.

It is presumed that the whereabouts of the bonds in which he is known to have invested will be revealed in the message carried by the cords. He hoped that each of you would attempt the search, altho no restrictions were made as to the use of the ten thousand dollars, and you may therefore use the money as you see fit. However, as I stated before, he hoped that it would be expended in an effort to earn the greater fortune.

Call on me at my office for any information which it is possible for me to furnish. Your grandfather was a most peculiar man and wished me to say that he believed in living and dying consistent.

Sincerely yours,
Lamb & Lamb, per James Lamb.

P. S. It is needless to add that he expected that the contest would be conducted fairly on both sides.

Sam's usually steady fingers were shaking before he was half thru reading the letter and he halted to stare unbelievingly at the draft decorated with the magic figures, "$10,000." The third inclosure he had disregarded as having been

ROBINSON FIGHTING GRIMLY AND SILENTLY, ALSO DROVE RIGHT AND LEFT ON ANOTHER'S FACE.

slipped in thru some error. Now he regarded the object with eager interest. A couple of feet of cord—very dirty cord, knotted and twisted its whole length, a bewildering succession of loops and knots.

"What's the idea?" demanded Robinson, unable to restrain himself longer. "Fellow in the N. section of the general delivery told me you had written, canceling all forwarding orders and then had been around pretty often inquiring for mail. Now two of you come at once to call on me; your best friend?"

For reply Northman flipped the letter and check across the counter to his friend and then gave his attention to the cord.

Robinson glanced up from an absorbed perusal. "No wonder, old man, that the other man was anxious to annex this. Lucky you came along—for both of us. There would have been the prize bonehead play of this whole office force written in my own little error column if the impostor had gotten away with the goods. Say, we ought to have started an officer after him!"

"I'll leave a description at headquarters, and you can have your Government man look into the deal. What puzzles me, tho, is how the dickens he knew the letter was due and something of what it might contain."

"He did know, and he had things lined up right if you hadn't popped up Johnny on the spot. How did you happen to be here, anyway? Been trailing your double on suspicion?"

"Nary a suspish, and was only released this morning from durance vile on a charge of mulcting a hardworking and innocent capitalist of some five thousand dollars."

"You? Arrested for stealing? Fine business! Suppose that queered you with railroad folks, even if you were falsely accused?"

"No. You see the real robber was apparently attacked with acute conscienceitis. Anyway, he returned the money last night. The prosecution claimed it was not the same money, but the amount was correct, so the justice could find no reason to hold me, altho at first he seemed determined to keep me boarding at the expense of the State."

"No chance of your double being in on that then. He didn't impress me as a man who would return anything, but why should the justice want to have you held?"

"I had no idea at all until this letter business. That places a question mark after the whole thing. Perhaps the prosecution were right."

"Plant, eh? And the answer is easy. Anything to keep you away until this letter was safely in the hands of—who?"

"Maybe, but that doesn't explain why five thousand dollars was turned over to my attorney. As to who wanted the letter I dislike even to hazard a guess. Uncle Rodney and I have nothing in common but he is hardly equal to downright crime. Some third party, perhaps."

"Well, whoever it was wanted it bad, and he is not likely to be satisfied with one try. Watch out for yourself and for the cord. Better go up to my diggings. I'll join you there, and we can dine out and talk the thing over."

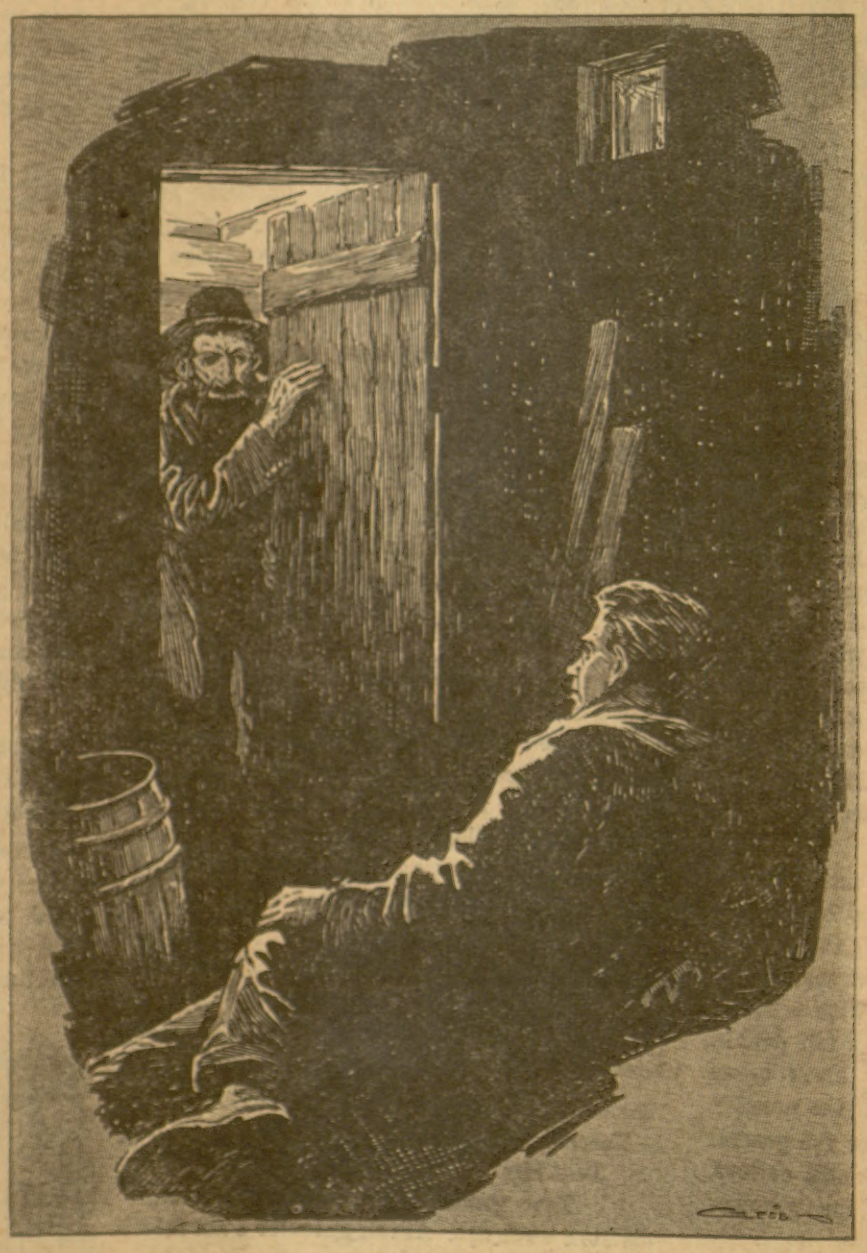
NORTHMAN made Tacoma his headquarters while in and out of service as extra operator and had a room of his own. However, he gladly accepted his friend's invitation, for the latter's keen brain and good judgment could be relied upon, and right then the railroad man felt himself confused.

"Not many of us Northmans' left," he muttered to himself. "Hate to think any of them would be guilty of such tactics; even for grandfather's two millions."

Perhaps, he thought, the attorneys had purposely or inadvertently let fall information that had been seized upon by unscrupulous third parties, who thought to enter the unique contest. Yet how could a third party hope to obtain the fortune, even if they did decipher the cord?

A word about the Northmans might not be amiss. Sam's father and mother had died when he was still in the grades at school and he had made his way alone with various ups and downs; more of the latter, it seemed, the older he became. He was aware that his father had quarreled bitterly with his brother, Rodney, many years before, and he also knew that grandfather Alvah had stood up for Rodney, later refusing to have anything to do with the elder brother, altho there had never been a real quarrel except between the brothers. Rodney must now be about 40, a scant 15 years older than Sam. One of the rich men of Spokane, a real estate operator, his name was much in the papers which told of his charities and civic improvement doings.

Thru the wireless of mouth to ear talk, however, there sometimes filtered reports that were far from flattering to Rodney Northman. Sam had never made an effort to be friendly with either relative and had repulsed his grandfather's one attempt at friendliness some years before, when most needed.



FOR A SCANT TWO SECONDS SAM HAD A GLIMPSE OF A BLACK-BEARDED VISAGE.

Up in Robinson's room Northman sat puzzling over the cord and queer circumstances of the last few days. If one thing were more inexplicable than another it was the fact of his arrest charged with the theft of an express package for which he had receipted only to have it vanish from his safe before train time. The shipper, a stranger in Sam's town of Yucca, declared that the money returned with the confession later, was not the same as stolen. Sam had been bound over to the Circuit Court in spite of the return of the currency package and only the strenuous work of Sam's attorney obtained his release.

Northman gave up the puzzle of his arrest with a sigh and proceeded to devote his attention to the cord, the message of which, if deciphered, would make him one of the rich men of the West. Or was the whole thing a farce? Against that supposition, was the attempted robbery and assault at the postoffice. Yielding to impulse, Sam turned to the telephone and called a prominent attorney of the city.

"Lamb & Lamb," came the crisp reply, "is one of the most conservative and reliable firms in the State of Washington."

Northman hung up the receiver and turned to Robinson's fairly well stocked library. Somewhere he remembered to have studied or read of cord codes. There must be books that told of such things. His search was hardly begun when Robinson's steps sounded outside. Sam looked up with a smile and tossed him the knotted cord. It fell on the table in the form of a perfect half circle.

"Rainbow!" exclaimed the postoffice man. "Good omen! And there is a pot of gold at the end of this rainbow. Never mind digging into those books; there is nothing there. That cord stuff is South American—Peru. Hundreds of years ago they used that kind of a code—calling the knots and funny little loops words and sometimes sentences."

"City library ought to help us," said Northman, "after we eat."

"Business first," cried Robinson. "Can you think of food with two million dollars wrapped up in that letter and cord. Man alive!"

His enthusiasm prevailed over the no less excited but more methodical Northman and with the cord placed carefully in the pocket of the latter, they set forth for the library. There, however, they came to earth with a bump. Books they found which told of cord codes; some described the code in detail, but none resembled, even remotely, the queer kinks and knots of Grandfather Alvah's cord message.

Northman sat back and studied the knots moodily.

"Dave, if you were in my place, would you follow this elusive thing? Might take me clear to Peru. Would it not be better to bank the ten thousand and look for that nicely located little newspaper I have been hankering to edit?"

"I should most certainly spend some of the money digging into the matter," was Robinson's prompt and unexpected reply. "You are handicapped in a way, and yet in a handicap race the slower ones are always considered. Who knows, your grandfather may have figured out the handicap imposed by Rodney's wealth. If he had loved and trusted that gentleman whole heartedly would he be tantalizing him with a puzzle of this sort?"

"True enough; but look what he can do with his wealth against my puny ten thousand; even if I am foolish enough to risk it all. Grandfather would have to be some handicap fixer, Dave. That's allowing Rodney plays square, too."

"How about the deal at Yucca station and the episode at my window? Are you acquitting Rodney of both?"

"I think there is a third party in the game," declared Sam. "That's what bothers me. If there is a third party I want to fight. If not; well Dave, that ten thousand looks awful big to me as a nest egg."

"You owe it to your grandfather at least to make a try for the solution," stated Robinson, with deep conviction in his tones.

"I know that and I am going to fulfill the obligation, too. Suppose I spend just half chasing this rainbow thing?"

"Fair enough," decided Robinson, promptly. "And now that we have settled that part let's eat and go to my roooms again to discuss the momentous question of spending the two millions—if you get them."

"Agreed, and I want to go around to my rooms for some clothes, if I am to camp with you."

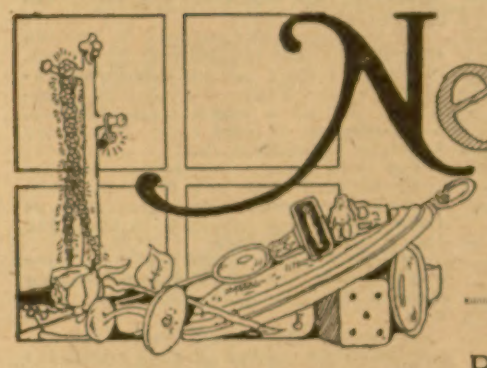
"You are to camp with me all right until you go to Spokane to interview the Lambs and maybe the lions; meaning your uncle or parties now unknown."

For a few moments there was silence. Then, "what sort of a fellow was the capitalist you mentioned as the shipper of the money package supposed to have been?" Robinson asked as they left the restaurant and turned towards the location of Sam's lodgings.

"Youngish chap, about my size. He was also the principal witness, who insisted he was being made a present of five thousand dollars instead of receiving back his own money. I expect," he added, "that one of the station men under me helped the unknown into my safe. Why he returned the money is as

(Continued on Page 19.)

The Second Half of an Amusing and Interesting Tale of Sleight-of-hand



Near Kleptomania

BY GEORGE ETHELBERT WALSH

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PART II.

THE DIE IS CAST.

FOR the moment, after Riley, the detective, had seized his hand and had accused him of stealing the necklace, Kreighton continued to smile. The complication was puzzling. It was totally unexplainable. He glanced cursorily at Berta. Her face was the picture of dismay.

With a frown, Kreighton tried to wrench away from his captor. "Let go my wrist," he said sharply, "I'm no sneak thief, and Miss Nalbro here knows it. So does Mrs. Winton. She'll——"

Riley interrupted with a good-natured chuckle. "They all say that. The biggest catch I ever made handed out that stuff. Said he was a wealthy guy, an' well connected; he was, too, but he was a thief—a gentleman thief! Come now, and don't make a scene."

"You'll regret this," he said quietly.

"Oh please stop!" Berta interfered. "Mr.—Mr. Riley, it was only a joke. Mr. Kreighton's a friend of ours, and he—he——"

"Sorry, Miss, but I know my duty. You can explain at police headquarters."

"You're going to arrest him?" her eyes opening wide with horror.

"He's already under arrest," was the quick retort.

Kreighton had been studying the man intently, and the more he looked at him the less he liked him. His was not a pleasant face. The eyes had a hard, shifty expression that was disquieting. Berta suddenly interrupted his thoughts.

"Wait here! I'll call auntie!"

Kreighton had no objection to this, and apparently Riley was satisfied. They waited, glaring at each other defiantly, until Berta returned, her aunt trailing clumsily after her.

"What—what is this?" demanded Mrs. Winton breathlessly.

"Auntie," explained Berta, "this man claims he's a private detective hired by you——"

"That's right. I hired him. I didn't want any of my guests robbed."

"And," continued Berta, "he accuses Mr. Kreighton of—of taking my string of diamonds. Of course, if he did, you know it was a joke—one of his—his——"

"A pretty serious joke," interrupted Riley. "He was caught with the goods on him."

"No," said Kreighton quietly, "you were caught with the goods on you, and I charge you with the theft, Mr. Riley."

"That's the way, Mrs. Winton, when a man's caught," observed the detective, shaking his head sadly. "He tries to frame it upon his captor. It's such an old game that——"

Across the speaker's shoulders, Kreighton saw Hardy, Sturdee and the others hurrying up, apparently attracted by the commotion. The sight of them reassured him.

"What's wrong, Kreighton?" the first asked, interrupting Riley.

"A little misunderstanding, Hardy—nothing else."

"No, nothing else," chuckled the detective—"nothing but a little misunderstanding. Well, explain that to headquarters. Come now!"

Once more he jerked his prisoner toward the door.

"Oh, auntie, you're not going to let him arrest Mr. Kreighton!" Berta broke in. "Why, it's ridiculous! Chip—Mr. Kreighton——"

"Wait!" Mrs. Winton said, breathing heavily. "Mr. Kreighton's a dear friend of mine——"

Chip winced.

"The Diamonds! They're Around Your Neck, Berta!"

"——a very dear friend," she continued sweetly, "an' he couldn't do such a thing."

"Sorry, madame, but he did. I saw him. The young lady saw him, too—holding the diamonds in his hand just as I caught his wrist?"

"Did you, Berta?"

"Why, auntie, I was so surprised and frightened that——"

"Did you, dear?"

"Why——" Berta refused to go further. She closed her mouth stubbornly.

"See?" grinned Riley. "She can't deny it."

Mrs. Winton sighed heavily. "Well, even if he did, it was just a joke. We mustn't let it go any further, Mr. Riley."

"Sorry, madame," cut in the other, "it's my duty to arrest him. I ain't got no choice in the matter."

"But—but it's a joke!" gasped Emily. "I can explain everything; so can Mr. Kreighton."

"Explain it to headquarters—not to me. I got to do my duty."

"You mean you must arrest him?"

"Yes, ma'am, it's the law."

"But—but the newspapers, they'll get hold of it, an'—an'—oh, it will disgrace me! We must stop it! Mr. Hardy—Mr. Sturdee, I appeal to you for help."

Hardy and Sturdee cleared their throats nervously.

"Now, my man," the former began, "can't we do something to change your mind? You know, now, if it's money, we can——"

Riley turned on him indignantly.

"Keep your wad for bail," he sniffed. "You may need it!"

Once more he started to move with Kreighton for the door. Emily Winton gave a slight moan, and threatened to collapse in the arms of Sturdee. The sight of her distress affected the detective.

"I don't want to be hard on you, Madame," he said, "an' I know my duty, an' I got to do it, but if he's a friend of yours, an' you can prove it at headquarters, I guess it can be arranged so the newspapers won't get hold of it. If it was just a joke of his maybe the sergeant at the desk will let him go. You just follow an' explain. I'll take the diamonds as evidence."

He reached out a hand and lifted them from Kreighton's palm and dropped them into his pocket.

"Now come on!" he added, giving the wrist a jerk.

Emily Winton seemed appeased, for she turned to Kreighton, and tapped him encouragingly on the shoulder. "I'll follow right after," she murmured. "It will be all right, Mr. Kreighton. I have some influence with the police. Don't worry." Then to her white-faced, staring niece: "Come, Berta, help me into another dress. We must hurry!"

"Sorry, old chap," murmured Hardy, squeezing Kreighton's hand, "but it can easily be explained. It's deuced awkward, but I always said you'd get in trouble playing such tricks."

Kreighton smiled and nodded. The whole complicated affair was a little beyond him, but the white face of Berta, as if stricken dumb with pain, reassured him. She did care.

Then he caught a furtive exchange of glances between Hardy and Sturdee, a half suppressed smile lurking in the corners of their eyes—and a great light of understanding broke on his mind.

KREIGHTON went a willing prisoner. Only once more did he offer protest when Riley produced a pair of handcuffs as they stepped outside. "Oh, that isn't necessary, is it?" he remarked. "I'll give you my word that I won't attempt to break away. It's a matter of honor with me, and——"

"All right! I'll trust you!" replied the detective, shooting him a keen glance with his shifty eyes.

Then, as an after thought, Riley ran his hands up and down Kreighton's clothes. "I'm taking no chances," he grinned. "One gun between us is enough, an' I like to carry that."

He patted his own coat pocket, bulging with the unmistakable outlines of an automatic. Kreighton nodded, and at the suggestion of the other stepped into a small, powerful racing car. Whether it belonged to Riley or one of the guests, he could not say. The detective took the seat beside him, and with a sputtering jerk the little machine jumped forward at a clipping pace.

Kreighton was so absorbed in his own thoughts that he paid little attention to the speed or the direction they were going. A smile tried to chase the frown from his face. It was all a joke arranged between Hardy, Sturdee and his hostess, and like most professional jocksters, he took it hard, not relishing one bit the medicine he had been handing out to the others. But he was game, and instead of wasting further words in futile protest, his mind was active in trying to devise some means of retaliation. If he could, in some way, turn the tables on his friends to humiliate them, the whole farce would be to his liking.

But how? His juggling art seemed to fail him in the greatest emergency of his life. Perhaps at police headquarters he might summon it to his aid. For instance, if he could transfer the diamond necklace from the sergeant's hands to the pocket of Hardy or Sturdee, or——

The car gave a sudden lurch around a sharp corner and threw Kreighton heavily against his companion. He sat up and gazed around him. The turn the

The First Half of the Story

BECAUSE of the rivalry for the hand of Berta Nalbro,

HARDY,

STURDEE, and other friends, on whom

CHIP KREIGHTON had played many practical jokes involving his knowledge of sleight of hand, determined to get even with him. They enlisted the aid of

MRS. EMILY WINTON, Berta's aunt, to whom Kreighton had paid slight attention. At the charity ball given in Mrs. Winton's home, a private detective was hired to look out for thieves. That evening, Kreighton was unusually quiet. Just as he was on the point of going in to see Berta alone in the palm room, he beheld a man removing a diamond necklace from her neck, without her knowing about it. Kreighton forced him to give up the necklace, whereupon the man turned upon him and declared that Kreighton was the thief.

This story began in No. 44 the Ledger dated Nov. 1. Back copies may be obtained thru office of publication, our agents or from newsdealers.

man was taking led out into the open country.

"You're on the wrong road," he said. "You should have taken the other. Better turn around."

Riley stepped on the accelerator viciously. "I know my business!" he growled.

For five minutes Kreighton watched the midnight landscape racing past them. Then more puzzled than ever, he ventured:

"You may be right, but you'll never reach police headquarters on this road unless you circle the globe."

A few minutes more of swift, silent flight thru the darkness, and Riley brought the car to a sudden stop. Kreighton looked inquiringly at him. In the dim light he could see a broad grin on the ugly face.

"You can get out here," he announced abruptly. "The walking's good, an' it won't hurt you to hoof it back."

"What d-you mean?" stammered Chip.

Riley's grin broadened. "You rich guys," he began easily, "play funny jokes on each other, don't you? Nothing else to do, I suppose. Well, you shouldn't take it hard if the joke sometimes goes against you. It gives you a little excitement, and mebbe it's worth it."

"It's been rather an exciting evening for me," replied Kreighton smiling, "but the joke wasn't exactly mine. I'm the victim of it—the goat, it seems. How much did they pay you for doing your part, Riley?"

"Oh, enough to make it worth while," this carelessly. "But I'm giving you the chance to get even with them. You can walk back to the house and wait for 'em. They must be at police headquarters by this time."

"You're not going to take me there?"

Riley laughed a little uproariously. "Not if I know myself. It's the country for me. With this little car I ought to make a getaway without trouble. I got a big start."

Kreighton was more puzzled now than at any time during the evening. He continued staring hard at the man until the latter, a little gruffly, added:

"Well, I said you could get out here. You understood?"

"Yes, I understood that much, but the rest is a puzzle," murmured Kreighton. "Won't you explain a little more?"

"Explain nothing!" snarled the detective. "I've wasted too much time now explaining. You get out, and be quick about it! See?"

Kreighton gazed down at the hand holding an ugly automatic pressed to his side.

"That's all right, Mr. Riley," he replied coolly. "Put that gun up. I don't like the looks of it. I'm going to obey you. I told you I wouldn't attempt to escape, and I won't fight. It's not my funeral, anyway. Won't you explain the point of the joke to me?"

The eyes swept him suspiciously for a moment, then they lighted up with a merry twinkle. Riley chuckled softly.

"The joke's on the other party," he said finally. "You tell Mrs. Winton, when you see her, she ought to take the blinders off her eyes. Mebbe then she'd recognize me picture when she sees it in the papers again."

Kreighton ransacked his memory, but was as blind as Emily Winton. He shook his head. "I don't recognize you either," he replied.

"An' me so famous!" mocked Riley.

Under the threat of the automatic poking at his ribs, Kreighton slowly climbed out of the car.

"I oughtn't to tell you," added Riley in an injured tone, "but it hurts me pride. There ain't any sport in bein' famous if you ain't recognized."

He threw in the clutch and took the wheel.

"Well," leaning outward, "you tell 'em up to the big house that Kid McKan sends his compliments, an' wishes 'em joy of their little house party."

"Kid McKan!" gasped Kreighton, recalling the name of the best known sneak thief in the State.

"Sure! That's me! Glad you recognize me!"

"But—but—the diamonds!" stammered Kreighton as the car started.

Riley, alias Kid McKan, chuckled and threw over his shoulder, "I'll take good care of 'em!" He waved a hand and disappeared in the gloom.

KREIGHTON hurried back along the road to the nearest house, where he made an earnest request to use the telephone for a minute, and then started on his long tramp to the scene of his recent humiliation. He expected to find the house gloomy and deserted, but it was all ablaze as if the party was still in progress; the front door had been left unlocked and half open. He was smiling and chuckling to himself. Not expecting to find any one around, except the servants, he wandered into the palm room to smoke and wait the return of the others.

Suddenly from a divan a figure rose that sent the blood racing thru his veins.

"Berta, you here?" he gasped. "I thought you'd gone with the others to police headquarters."

"No," she said quietly, coming forward and grasping his hand warmly. "No, Chip, I didn't go when I found out. I wouldn't lend myself to such a cheap joke."

"You knew then?"

"Not until after you'd gone. Auntie confessed then. I wriggled it out of her. It disgusted me, and—and——"

Kreighton was staring at her with eyes that made her tremble with emotion. She had to sit down. Chip helped her, holding a hand.

"Why—why are you back without the others?" she asked faintly.

"I haven't been to the police station," he replied, chuckling. He raised his muddy pumps for her to inspect. "It was a beastly muddy walk," he added. "Grass wet, and——"

"I don't understand," she murmured. "What—what has happened?"

"Listening! Isn't that a car stopping?"

"Yes," springing to her feet. "It's auntie."

"And Hardy and Sturdee."

Led by Emily Winton, whose face was white and trembling, the crestfallen party trooped into the house.

"They're gone—stolen—the precious diamonds that my poor, dear husband bought for Berta!" moaned Emily, dropping exhausted into a seat. "What shall I do? How can I explain to Berta, and—and——"

"Don't worry, Mrs. Winton!" consoled Hardy. "The police will surely nab him. He can't get away."

"D'you think so?"

"I'm quite sure."

Berta gazed inquiringly at Kreighton, who, concealed behind a palm, held her hand and squeezed it gently.

"I wonder where Chip is!" said Sturdee. "He ought to be back soon. It was over half an hour ago that he telephoned."

"He may be a prisoner—poor, dear man," murmured Emily, "or—or killed."

"No, Kreighton's all right. He wouldn't have telephoned if he'd been a prisoner or killed."

"No, no, I suppose not."

Hardy patted one of the fat hands and swayed a fan rhythmically before the pasty face.

Berta made a movement to go to her aunt's assistance, but Kreighton restrained her.

"There's the telephone now," exclaimed Sturdee. "Maybe it's from police headquarters."

The others waited breathlessly while he talked and listened at the instrument. His few words seemed rather incoherent to them and, when he finally put up the receiver there was a chorus of questions.

"They've got the Kid," Sturdee replied, mopping his forehead. "Caught him in the next town—recognized his machine—and nabbed him."

"Then—the—diamonds — are — are—safe?" gasped Emily, leaping into sudden life.

Sturdee looked sympathetically at her, and shook his head soberly. "No," he said slowly, "they couldn't find them on his person or in the car. They think he's planted them somewhere or—or——"

Emily Winton shrieked and dropped back in a near swoon. Berta could no longer be restrained. She broke away from Kreighton and rushed to her aunt's side.

"Auntie, dear!"

"Oh, Berta!" murmured Emily. "I'm the most miserable person in the world. I—we—as a joke—oh, oh, why was I so foolish? I—I can never forgive myself."

"Kreighton!" exclaimed Hardy, as Chip followed Berta from the palm room.

"Hello, Hardy and Sturdee! Have a nice visit to police headquarters? Sorry I couldn't be there to see the fun. You didn't let me in on the joke, and so I couldn't help you carry it out. It was a good one, tho, wasn't it? A ripping good one!"

He chuckled good-naturedly.

"I say now, Kreighton, this is no time to laugh," interposed Sturdee. "The Kid's caught, but the diamonds are gone. He didn't have them with him."

"Is that so? Too bad!"

"And Mrs. Winton's all in. The loss of the diamonds means more to her than—than——"

"They were the last thing poor, dear Benjamin bought for Berta, and I helped him select them," came the wail from the crumpled heap on the sofa.

"Never mind, auntie," soothed her niece. "It can't be helped."

A spasm and another groan from the sofa.

Kreighton was smiling, the only one in the room that saw anything humorous in the situation. Hardy and Sturdee frowned at his levity.

He turned on them. "You didn't think, Hardy, or you either, Sturdee," he said a little severely, "that your beastly joke might prove a boomerang, and come back to hit you, did you? It was all right so long as it made me the goat. Well, most practical jokes are that way, unless you handle them with care. Your mistake was in not picking a good confederate. The next time you want to hire a private detective, don't pick up the first guy that offers his services, but go to headquarters and get a real one."

"Riley said he was connected with the Randall Detective Agency," mumbled Hardy.

"Sure, he'd say anything to please you. He's very obliging."

"Oh, I say now, Kreighton, this is no time to rub it in," protested Sturdee. "Mrs. Winton's lost her diamonds——"

"I thought they were Berta's."

"Well, it was a family affair—I mean they belonged——" stammered Sturdee haltingly.

Kreighton nodded, and walked over to Berta's side, a queer, inscrutable smile on his face.

"Berta," he said gently, "there isn't anything I wouldn't do for you. You're the only one who played fair with me. Now as a reward I'm going to show you the greatest trick of my life. See my hands? They're empty, aren't they? Now I'll make a few passes like this, and then——"

The others were watching him in silence, Berta the most intently of all.

"There!" he added, dropping his hands. "Look at your neck."

There was a moment of silence, then a gasp or two, and Mrs. Winton sprang to her feet with a scream.

"The diamonds! They're around your neck, Berta!"

Berta gazed stupidly, fingered the precious stones to make sure, and murmured, "Oh, Chip, how'd you do it? It's the most wonderful thing!"

HARDY and Sturdee had taken a reluctant departure with their consuming curiosity unsatisfied, and Emily Winton had retired to her room, happy at the remarkable turn of events, but as much in the dark as her conspirators. Kreighton had resolutely refused to enlighten them.

"A conjuror can't give away his own secrets," he had laughed in their faces. "Besides, I don't see anything remarkable in this. You've seen me pick diamonds out of a woman's hair before, and eggs out of your hats. Then why so much interest in this?"

But once alone with Berta in the palm room, he was in a different mood. Perhaps it was her eyes that drew it from him or else he had been reserving the secret for her ears.

"Are you going to tell me, Chip, how you did it?" she asked finally, looking frankly at him with eyes that held him.

"There's little to tell, Berta," he replied smiling. "Like all such tricks, the explanation's so simple it amuses the performer that no one catches on. I slipped the diamonds from the Kid's pocket when in the car. I suspected something wrong. He thought I was just a rich guy without any brains, and I played up to it."

"How wonderful, Chip!" was the murmuring comment. "I don't see how you do it!"

"It's a gift," he added, speaking seriously, "and I'm not sure but Hardy's right. It's a dangerous gift. It might lead to—to——"

He stopped and looked at her, his eyes eloquent with emotion.

"Berta, there's one more trick I'm going to play, and then I'm thru with this juggling business for good," he said. "It's a trick no one but you will ever see. Want me to show you?"

"Yes," she replied, with bright eyes.

"I'm going to pull out of the air—out of the ether around us—something for you," he continued in his regular performing voice. "Will you accept it as a gift, and keep it? Will you?"

"Why, yes, if you want me to," she murmured faintly, a sensation stealing over her that he was serious, and about to do something unusual for her particular benefit.

"Remember your promise, then," he added, and began making passes before her face.

"Hold up your hand," he said suddenly. "There it is!" he added, holding her hand, and before her bewildered brain could catch the significance of it he slipped a diamond ring on the third finger of her left hand.

"Oh!" she exclaimed, gazing at it.

"You promised to keep it!" he said in a voice trembling with eagerness.

"But I didn't promise to wear it," she replied, looking up humorously.

"No—but—won't you, dear?"

"Why, Chip, I think—think I'll have to—if—if——" she began, dropping her eyes. The sentence was never finished. Kreighton had performed the greatest juggling act of his life, and the bliss of it made his nerves tingle to his finger tips. He had summoned the genie of love out of the air and planted it on her lips.

The End.

Fatal Gift.

I greatly love the uplift
That labors for reform;
The gates of sin
I'd batter in
And evil take by storm!

So oft I join the army
That seeks the common weal,
And march about
With air devout
(Which is the way I feel).

But when I get to looking
At all my fellow men—
Each solemn him
Severe and grim—
I have to smile and then—

So like a graven image
My somber self I see,
That I—oh, well,
I have to yell
And thus express my glee!

We're good, but we're so funny!
But when I laugh and shout
The rank and file
That never smile
Turn in and chase me out!

Forgot His Past.

MR. CORPULENT NEWRICH offered to finance the performance of his daughter's dramatic society and his announcement was received with acclamation.

But when he added the provision that he paid the expenses on condition that he was given a part the joy diminshed.

Mr. Newrich was well endowed with wealth, but his vocabulary did not include a single "h."

They argued, but Mr. Newrich stood firm. "No part, no money," was his decision.

At last they hit upon a plan. He was to come on in the second scene and just say "Silence!" He could not go far wrong with that. Mr. Newrich was satisfied. He would be in evidence at the performance.

The great day arrived and all went well until the curtain rose on the second scene.

From the wing stole Mr. Newrich. Holding up his hand he uttered one word: "Ush!"

Breaking It Gently.

CHAPTER I.

HE HAD popped the question—and for one week had impatiently waited for the Sunday night to come when he would have her answer—yes or no.

With a final touch to his tie he donned his new hat and sauntered forth. The maid admitted him.

CHAPTER II.

The fair one came down the stairs with a serious look.

She left the look in the hall and entered radiantly. After the "Good Evenings" she began:

"Now, before I give you my answer I want you to promise not to commit suicide; that you will not look upon life as a failure, and——"

CHAPTER III.

The youth drew forth the ring and placed it on her finger.

(The End.)

The OTHER MAN'S CHANCE

BY ROBERT E. HEWES

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IT HAD been four days since the mail carrier from Gold Field had brought southward with him a marvelous tale of a bonanza strike at upper Yukon.

For three days Mason fought his way northward, always in the teeth of a howling gale that swept down from the great barren lands of the far arctic regions. And each day the wind became the fiercer. It was a bad wind.

But always Mason kept to the trail that led farther into the frozen land from whence the wind came. For the call of that magic word—gold—was irresistible and it lured strong men far into the forbidding north.

It was the fourth day now that Mason had been on the trail, and before him he could see the great snow-capped ridge of the Nuklukayet divide reared austere and lonely against the somber gray of the winter sky. Just the other side, Mason knew, was Old Jim Conley's road house, where he could have a brief respite of rest and warmth. It was the last vestige of civilization north of White Owl.

Swinging at the gee pole of his sled, Mason bent his head to the bite of the frost-filled wind and clasped a heavily mittened hand to his nose which was aching from the cold. He breathed thru his mouth and the frozen air seemed to freeze his very lungs. The wind searched thru his parka hood, and the frost of it crept into the flesh till it reached the marrow and chilled his blood.

Once, one of the dogs, a half-breed Spitzbergen-Sheperd newly from the South and less impervious to the cold than the others, shirked by slowing his pace and slackening the traces. The leader, a big Malamute, whirled upon him snarling savagely.

"Mush!" cried Mason, as he felt the tremor of the gee pole slack in his hands. "Mush, you Spitz, whey-e-e-e!" With a renewed gathering of their forces the dogs responded to his words, and, with Mason throwing his weight against the sled, mushed up the rising trail.

HALF an hour it took Mason to fight his way across the ridge of the Nuklukayet divide, and a bitter half hour it was. The wind swept across the unprotected mountain top with the force of a demon unleashed. But on the far side Mason clung to the bouncing gee pole and dragged his feet to retard the racing sled which sped hard on the heels of the fleeing huskies.

In front of Old Jim's place at the bottom of the divide, Mason swung the end of the sled around with a shout and a great whirl of snow. The huskies, with the nimbleness of experience, sidestepped alertly. Mason left them to dig themselves into the snow and entered the road house.

"What do you do out in a wind like this?" queried Old Jim after greetings had been exchanged.

"Gold! man," replied Mason smiling as he pulled off his mittens and almost enveloped the stove with the bulk of his body. "Mushing for the strike at Upper Yukon," he added.

"Upper Yukon? Why Mason, you're three days behind the rush, the gang went thru Tuesday!"

"That's bad!" Mason frowned. "I thought I was only two days behind. You see," he explained, "I was down the creek at the lower diggings when the news reached Niva. I got the news half a day late and it took me a good day getting my duffle together. Then I lost a dog the first day and lost the day in the bargain going back for another!"

"You'll never make it," declared Old Jim, "you'll come in on the tail end of things!"

Mason frowned again. He knew what it meant finding all the worth while claims taken up and being forced to take the leavings, the claims on the outside edge. He had done it before.

"That's tough," Mason commented. "I was counting on doubling the pace and making up for two days, that's why I brought a double team of dogs. But with a three day lead on me, there's no chance of overtaking the gang!"

"No," sympathized Old Jim feelingly. "I'm sorry to see you left, Mason. You deserve your bit, you've worked hard enough for it!"

Suddenly Mason's face brightened.

"The Moosetrack pass!" he cried. "Jim, I'd forgotten that; I can take it and cut off three days, beat the gang by a day and get one of the first claims!"

Old Jim waved his hand toward the chimney in which the wind roared savagely.

"Hear that?" he said. "You can't take the pass in this wind; it's a bad wind, and it means a storm!"

Old Jim smiled, and his eyes were sympathetic.

"I know just how you feel, Mason," he said, "but gold isn't worth it, friend, gold isn't worth it. If you take the pass you've got ninty-nine chances of losing and one chance of winning; you know what it means to get caught in a storm in the pass, Mason?"

Mason sobered from his momentary excitement. Everybody in the country knew what it meant to get caught in a storm in the most hazardous of all northern passes, and there are many hazardous ones in Alaska.

"Yes, Jim," Mason said, "but it's not for myself that I want it, it's for my wife and little girl waiting back there in the States. Think man, they've been waiting five years for me to come back rich!"

"I know, Mason," spoke Old Jim quietly, "I had a wife who waited ten years, but she died last summer. I shall never go back now." He smiled a little sadly.

"Five years," repeated Mason slowly. "She isn't a little girl any longer tho; she was fourteen when I left, now she's nineteen, almost a woman. Jim, it doesn't seem possible!"

Mason arose and began pulling on his mittens.

"You're not going to take the pass," protested Old Jim. "Remember, there's been more men than enough lost there in storms. You know this wind looks bad, or some of the gang would have taken the Moosetrack trail!"

Mason nodded, and Old Jim knew it was useless to remonstrate. He came to the door and watched as Mason routed the dogs from their warm snow holes. They submitted to the harness reluctantly, and shivered as the wind struck them. Mason saw, with firm lips, and drew his parka hood closer around his face. When a huskie shivers it is cold.

"Mush!" cried Mason, seizing the gee pole of the sled, "mush, boys, whey-e-e-e!" He turned and waved a mittened hand at Old Jim standing in the doorway of the road house.

Old Jim's eyes were serious, yet he knew that if he were in Mason's place and his wife were still alive, he would brave the dangers of the pass, too —for gold. But he was an old man now, and the long trails were ended for him.

The Next Day Found Him on the Back Trail Toward Old Jim's Place, With a Human Burden Lashed to His Sled.

THE fight up the Yukon trail had been as child's play compared with what Mason was to experience in the wilderness of the Moosetrack pass. The trail was a tortuous affair, changing and uncertain. It led thru an irregular break in the mountains, scarcely deserving of the name. And the wind! It roared down the pass between the mountain walls with tripled force, and it was tinged with the chill breath of the ice on Upper Yukon. It struck at Mason and strove to push him back, like some giant, invisible hand. It sucked the very breath from his nostrils and mouth, till he had constantly to hold one hand before his face as a shield.

For the rest of that day Mason mushed on, steadily getting deeper into the mountains. By late afternoon he judged he had covered half the distance to Moosetrack Creek, where were located the old mining diggings that had brought about the opening of the trail into the mountains. From Moosetrack Creek the trail cut directly across the mountains into the Upper Yukon country. If he could reach the Creek by noon of the next day, Mason knew he could make the remainder of the trip in a day, and that end of the trail was easier. At that rate he would arrive at the strike a day before the gang of gold rushers who had followed the Yukon trail, which makes a wide half circle of a detour around the mountains the Moosetrack trail cuts thru. It took four days by the Yukon trail to reach Upper Yukon and only two days by the pass.

That night Mason made camp on the leeward side of a mountain bank. He pitched his small tent and kindled a fire, over which he warmed beans and melted snow to brew tea.

Mason unharnessed the dogs and threw them their ration of frozen fish, which they promptly bolted and prepared to dig themselves into the snow for the night. But before they curled up, the big Malamute leader pointed his nose to the wind and howled long and mournfully. The others whined in sympathy. Mason inside the tent listened, and frowned.

"Perhaps," he told himself uneasily, "Old Jim was right, it is a bad wind!"

When Mason awoke the next morning, the tent canvas was sagging downwards, as tho under a heavy weight. He parted the flap and looked out on a world of snow. It was on the ground in great drifts and heaps. It was in the air, millions upon millions of flakes, filling the atmosphere with a mass of swirling whiteness.

Mason warmed and brewed tea, which he gulped hastily. He must travel hard today, he reflected, if he were to make Moosetrack Creek by noon in this storm.

The day before had been bad, but this day was worse. To the wind was added the snow. It was blown down from the mountain sides onto the trail, where it piled in great drifts. The dogs floundered helplessly in it, and Mason was forced to forge ahead and break a path. With the gee pole relieved of his weight the sled swerved and careened, taking the strength of the already straining huskies.

AFTER an hour the wind changed. Instead of blowing straight on now, it broke and came from two points of the compass. The rival currents met and wrestled in the pass, till they seemed to blow from all directions at once. The wind would rush down the pass from behind and search up under the hair of the dogs. It would push at Mason savagely and then suddenly strike at him from the front, till he was robbed of his equilibrium and staggered in this walk.

There was sleet mixed with the storm and it formed a treacherous crust over the snow on the ground, retarding the dogs when their feet broke thru. It drove thru the air with the force of gunshot and stung the flesh cruelly. It was the kind of storm that had caused men to become lost in the pass. Flinging back an occasional word of encouragement to the huskies, Mason stumbled on thru the white storm, exerting every ounce of his energy.

But it was slow work, forging thru such an inferno of elements as now lashed out their fury upon the northland. And so noon found Mason still far from Moosetrack Creek. He was ravenously hungry and his whole body was cry out from thirst. But he could kindle no fire in this storm to warm food and melt snow. Twice he gathered up a handful of snow and gulped it, but it was as chalk dust to his dry mouth and he spat it out still unmoistened. Once he stopped long enough to loosen the lashings of the sled and throw each of the dogs a fish, and the short respite from exertion caused his sweat-soaked clothes to freeze in armor-like stiffness.

Gradually Mason felt his strength commence to weaken under the strain. And with the feeling there came to his mind a realization that he was losing the fight. Men had perished in even less severe storms than the one which now reigned in the pass like a fury unleashed.

The thought terrified Mason, and he stumbled on thru the storm with a reawakening of his dulling sensibilities. There flashed thru his mind a mental picture of his wife and little girl who waited back there in the States. But she wasn't a little girl any longer, he reminded himself. She was 19, a woman almost old enough to be married! He smiled at the thought, a woman, almost old enough to be married. And when he had left she had been a girl in short dresses. He tried to think of her as a woman, but he could not realize it. In his thoughts she remained the little girl of five years before.

It was the picture of his dearest ones in his mind which gave Mason the strength to forge on thru the storm. They seemed to be out there in front of him somewhere, beckoning him on with smiling faces. But there was a mistiness in their eyes, and their arms were clasped around each other tightly. It was the picture of them as Mason had last seen them, standing on the railway station platform as his train drew out carrying him toward the North.

"Five years!" Mason turned the words over in his mind. "Five years, they had been waiting, and he musn't fail them!" He found himself wondering vaguely why his body insisted upon weakening when the happiness of his wife and daughter was at stake.

Once Mason's knees grew weak and he stumbled, plunging headlong into the snow. He staggered to his feet gasping.

"Old Jim was right!" he muttered, "It is a bad wind!"

"One chance of winning!" The words danced before Mason's eyes, emblazoned

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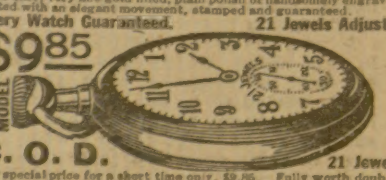

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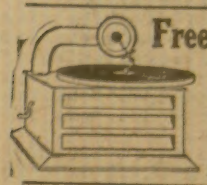

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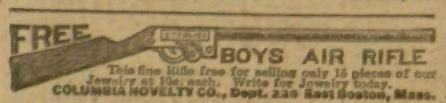

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in glittering letters. The wind seemed to be shrieking them in a thousand voices, hurling them at him from all sides. The words burned themselves into his brain and took their place besides the picture of his wife and little girl who beckoned him on. They seemed to be crying the words to him now.

The snow had obliterated all traces of the trail and the white storm made the mountain peaks invisible. Mason tried to look before him, but the wind blinded him and filled his eyes with water. He could not see where his footsteps were leading him, but stumbled on thru the storm, guided by blind instinct alone. Then he felt the trail dropping beneath his feet and knew he was on the decline that leads to Moosetrack Creek.

"One chance of winning!" he shuoted back at the snow-encrusted dogs. "Mush! —one cha——"

Dimly he saw the door of the old store shack at Moosetrack diggings looming before him thru the white storm, and he had scarcely strength enough to stumble to it.

INSIDE the shack Mason found a stove. He did not stop to consider why it should be there, he realized only that it was there. It had a fire in it, which was burned to a mass of blackening embers, and the stove was rapidly cooling. Mason seized several sticks of wood from a pile on the floor and shoved them into the stove, which was one of the rapid-heating, sheet-iron kind, and it was soon roaring hot. The heat restored Mason's faculties somewhat, and remembering the dogs he went out and unharnessed them, then threw them their ration of fish. Scooping up a kettle full of snow, he seized his grub sack and returned to the shack.

Mason mechanically melted the snow over the stove and threw into it a handful of tea. He hacked off a hunk of beans from his frozen supply, and, putting them in a skillet, placed it on the stove. Then everything went black and he ceased to know.

When Mason recovered consciousness, he pulled himself to his feet dazedly. He smelled something and looked at the stove. He snatched the skillet of smoking beans from the stove and hungrily devoured the burnt mass. The boiling tea scalded his mouth and, carrying the kettle to the door he scooped some snow into it. He swallowed great draughts of the strong brew.

The still hot tea stimulated Mason's whole system, it sent the blood coursing thru his veins and restored the warmth to his body. It had the same effect on his clouded mind as a ray of sunlight on a dark day. He saw everything with a cleared vision.

First it flashed upon him as strange that the stove should be there. He had supposed the old shack deserted. He looked around the large room and started with a shock of surprise.

Lying on a cot in one corner of the room was a man. His features were darkened from the effect of the frost, and his eyes were sunken. The pinched look on his face indicated that he had been suffering heavily. Apparently he was asleep.

Wonderingly, Mason stepped to the side of the cot and looked at the man more closely. He was young, and altho he wore the garb of a miner, it was evident that he had not been long in the country.

Mason quickly seized the kettle of tea from the stove and shook the man gently, then saw that he was unconscious. Dragging the cot closer to the stove, Mason removed the man's boots and part of his clothing and examined his body for signs of injury. He found a great bruise which extended the entire length of the left side, evidently the result of a fall. The puffed condition indicated that the man had received internal injuries. Mason made him as comfortable as possible, and chafed his wrists.

After half an hour the man opened his eyes and stared at Mason vaguely. Mason raised his head and placed the teakettle to his lips. The stranger choked at the first swallow, then drank eagerly. A faint color came to his cheeks and he looked at Mason with a brightening light in his eyes.

"Where did you find me?" he whispered, after several attempts to speak.

"Here," replied Mason.

"Oh!" exclaimed the other, "I remember now, I dragged myself here when I came to after I fell. I was stunned for a while."

"Where did you fall?" asked Mason.

"Off the ledge down at the old Creek diggings," replied the other; "the dirt gave away. But," he asked, looking at Mason curiously, "where did you come from?"

"I was crossing the pass to Upper Yukon," exclaimed Mason, "and I stopped here for the night; there's a gold strike at Upper Yukon."

"Gold!" cried the man excitedly, as tho suddenly remembering, "gold! Why, man, I've got thousands of dollars' worth of it. I've found it, after months of searching. "Say," he turned to Mason with shining eyes, "now I can go back to the girl who's waiting in the States. Look there!" He raised himself from the cot in his eagerness and pointed to a small leather sack in one corner of the room.

Mason picked the sack up curiously. He grew interested as he felt its weight, and when he opened it he whistled in surprise. It contained some of the richest pay dirt he had ever seen.

"Where did you get that?" he cried.

"I told you so!" cried the other triumphantly. "I got it down at the lower diggings. I've got a claim staked, and it's worth thousands, man! It's a pocket strike, all in one claim, an——"

A sudden pain convulsed the stranger's features, and with a choked cry he sank back into unconsciousness.

Mason worked over the man long, but his efforts to bring him back to consciousness were fruitless.

"What he needs," Mason reflected, "is a doctor, and that bad!"

MASON sat down on a stool by the stove and reflected. If the man were only at Old Jim's place, the doctor from White Owl could be sent for in a hurry. But the only way to get the stranger there was to take him.

The full import of the situation presented itself before Mason with forceful clearness. He had had his fight with the storm, conquered the one chance Old Jim had allowed him, and now he could make the dash to Upper Yukon in a day. It was all down-hill sledding, and he would arrive at the strike with the first of the gold rushers. That would mean wealth and happiness for the wife and girl who had been waiting for five years. Also it would mean leaving the man here in the shack. He could come back for the stranger after he had staked his claim, Mason reflected hopefully, and then take him to Old Jim's.

But there was a sinister truth Mason could not get away from, and it sank the deeper as he watched the man's face. He would be dead!

Why not take the man on to Upper Yukon with him? The extra weight would delay him only half a day, and the gold rushers on the Yukon trail would be delayed as much by the storm. But he knew there was no doctor at Upper Yukon. There was only one chance of saving the man's life, he had to admit to himself finally, and that was to get him to Old Jim's place and the doctor by the next night.

And there was only one chance of winning wealth and happiness for his wife and little girl. That was to make Upper Yukon tomorrow.

All that night Mason tossed in a torment of mind. Toward morning he fell into a fitful sleep, and he dreamed he had gone to Upper Yukon and staked one of the richest claims in Alaska. He returned to the shack on Moosetrack Creek, to find the man cold and still. Mason awoke sweating, and the early dawn of the next day found him mushing his dogs on the back trail toward Old Jim's place with a human burden lashed to his sled.

WHEN the doctor from White Owl arrived at Old Jim Conley's road house on the Yukon trail in response to a hurry call, he found a lot of work awaiting him.

Mason had a frost-bitten face, frozen feet, and a chill, contracted in his superhuman effort in fighting his way back thru the Moosetrack pass. But he had won his fight with the storm a second time, and it was his winning that had saved the other's life.

The stranger opened his eyes to look at his savior lying near him. A flash of recognition came to his eyes.

"Where are we now?" he asked.

"At Old Jim Conley's," replied Mason, smiling.

"And you brought me here!" The stranger's eyes rested on the other's bandaged feet. "You must have had a bitter time getting me here in that storm. I owe you my chance to make her happy!"

Mason saw the other seize his trousers which were on a chair beside his cot and draw a wallet from one of the pockets, then he drifted off into a heavy sleep.

When Mason opened his eyes again the stranger was asleep. The wallet lay where he had dropped it on the cot, and there was a small photograph beside it.

Mason glanced at the photograph, then a look of astonishment came into his eyes and a startled cry escaped his lips. He was looking at the picture of his little girl of five years before!

The other man, awakened by the cry, saw the look on Mason's face and the picture held in his trembling fingers. He stared at Mason keenly, and a light of half-credulous realization flashed over his own face.

"Say!" he cried eagerly, "are you Dave Mason?"

Mason smiled, and could only nod in reply.

"Glory be!" cried the other joyously, "I came north to win a fortune for my girl and her mother and to find her Daddy, and I've done it, I—I——" His voice choked with the emotion of his happiness and he turned to Mason with shining eyes.

But with a smile on his lips, Mason was gazing in silent wonder upon the vista of happiness that had opened before him, fruit of the other man's chance.

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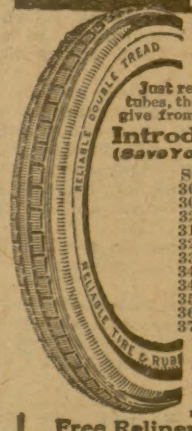

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GATES MFG. CO. DEPT. 845 CHICAGO

The Moment's Destiny

By George Munson

"GEOFF POWELL, you must be mad!"

"Maybe I am, or maybe there's a method in my madness. Or maybe, again, there are things I value more than money."

The manufacturer took Geoffrey by the sleeve. "See here, my friend," he said, "I'm offering you a position at two thousand a year, because you're a college man and understand the special mathematical work that this contract calls for. It's a job that fifty applicants are after, and I'm offering it to you for your dead father's sake, and because I believe in you."

"Go on, Mr. Woodstock. And because, as an ex-jailbird, I couldn't get a job anywhere else. And because I'm in rags."

"Geoff, what's the trouble? You don't act or speak like a normal man."

"I guess I can mind my own affairs, Mr. Woodstock."

The manufacturer turned back to his desk. "All right, sir, you don't have to take it," he said. But as Geoffrey was going toward the door he turned toward him, "If you change your mind by Saturday let me know," he said. And then, to himself, "it's for his father's sake."

Jim Woodstock had known Powell, senior, all his business life. It was his friendship for him that induced him to offer the position to his worthless son, Geoffrey. Geoffrey was the younger, Arthur the elder. Geoffrey had been wild at college, and had ended by forging a bill for fifty dollars. It was as much thoughtlessness as any predilection for crime; but the boy had been sent up for six months, and after that every door had been closed against him.

Effie Mayhew had been away when he returned. If anybody could have kept him straight it was his boyish sweetheart. She had written to him when he was in prison, imploring him to turn over a new page in his record, begging him to remember that all had not forgotten him. But when Geoffrey turned up at the village he thought Effie had barred her door against him. And so he had left, after a furious quarrel with Arthur, now the sole inheritor of his father's property.

There had followed five years of aimless traveling. Geoffrey had never run quite straight; he drank and gambled, but he had never been dishonest again. Deep in his heart there was the desire to live a clean life, but there was also the sense of intolerable wrong. He had at last decided, after long brooding, to have it out with his brother, his supplanter; and was on his way homeward, with the plan of killing him when he encountered Mr. Woodstock, who had made him the offer of the position.

Geoffrey laughed as he went away. What did he care about a position when the dream long brooded over was to come to fruition at last?

He meant to kill his brother, his supplanter, who lived in luxury while he was a tramp upon the roads. He would show these village people what it meant to kill a man's soul and grind him down in the dust.

It was almost dark when he reached Farningham. He had spent his last twenty dollars on the purchase of the revolver snugly hidden beneath his coat. And, reaching his brother's house, he stood, a ragged tramp, leaning outside the garden paling, and looking thru the window at the lights.

He saw his brother, seated in his chair, reading, and his brother's wife, her fair hair bent over the needlework at which she sewed. He had always hated Jenny, and had thought that she was the cause of his brother's refusal to help him. From where he stood he could have sent a bullet thru Arthur's brain easily, but he wanted a better revenge than that. He meant to have it all out with him, and now, tired, worn out and weakened from his furious thougnts, he was trying to nerve himself to enter when the door opened and a little boy ran out.

His brother's child! He had not thought of that. In fact he had not known that Arthur had a son. So much the better for his purposes, the No doubt Arthur had disparaged him to the boy, holding him up as an example, using him as a sort of bogey. In the old days when Geoffrey and Arthur had been very close to each other, Arthur's engagement had been a great pleasure to Geoffrey, and he had often hoped there would be a boy. He had planned to mean so much to him. Now the bitterness in the outcast's heart overowed

He Stood, a Ragged Tramp, Leaning Outside the Garden Paling.

But the child had spied him, and, with a shout, had run to him

"Hello!" he called confidingly.

"Hello!" answered Geoffrey morosely, noting the face of the brother in that of the boy.

"Are you my Uncle Geoffrey?" inquired the other.

"What's that? What do you mean?" demanded Geoffrey, starting

"But I see you are not," answered the boy, looking at the man's clothes in the light of the lamp. "Uncle Geoffrey will come home dressed finely, and you are only a tramp, aren't you?"

"Only a tramp, my boy," replied the other.

"Well, I'm sorry you aren't Uncle Geoffrey. But I guess he will come along soon. I've never seen him, and he can't stay away much longer. I wish he would come."

"Why?" demanded Geoffrey curiously.

"Because we all want to see him so much. You see, grandfather told father that he was to give Uncle Geoffrey his share of the money as soon as he settled down, and father has been trying to get news of Uncle Geoffrey for ever so long, so as to help him. And he says he's the finest uncle in the world."

"He does, does he?" demanded Geoffrey in grim amusement.

"Yes, and mother says some night he'll turn up, as sure as fate, and then I'll see what a fine uncle I've got. And that's what Miss Mayhew says, too. You know, you .mustn't say anything about it, but Miss Mayhew's going to marry Uncle Geoffrey some day. She's just waiting for him to come back."

"Who told you that?" demanded the man fiercely.

"O-oh! You're hurting my shoulder. Why, she told me herself, and she told me not to tell anybody, so of course I mustn't. But I did tell mother, and she said she guessed it was true, and Miss Mayhew will be a girl that any man ought to be proud of. You are sure you aren't my Uncle Geoffrey?" continued the boy wistfully.

"No, I'm not your Uncle Geoffrey just now, but he'll be coming along presently"

"Oh! Are you sure? Do you know him?"

"Harry! Harry!" The mother's voice was calling. Geoffrey saw her rise. He whispered hastily:

"Tell them all—including Miss Mayhew—that your Uncle Geoffrey's coming home soon—just as soon as he's shown his worth and made a man of himself. And—would you like to kiss Uncle Geoffrey's friend?" he added, bending down toward the child

And he strode off into the darkness, whistling. For he knew that Uncle Geoffrey's fortune had set true.

* * *

Beginning in Time.

MR. FLANAGAN attended a christening where the hospitality of the host knew no bounds. In the midst of the celebration Flanagan rose up and made the rounds of the company, bidding each a profound farewell.

"But, Pat, man," objected the host, "you're not goin' yet with the evenin' just started?"

"No, begob," said Pat, "but I'm biddin' ye good night while I know ye all."

* * *

Yes, and They Hunt for Loose Joints.

LAST winter a woman passenger on an eastern railway asked the porter why the train had stopped between stations.

"Oh," said Rastus, "the engineer done found a broken rail."

"Well," said the woman, "why stop for that? Do the passenger trains on this road stop to pick up every broken rail they find along the track?"

A Fascinating Story That Warms the Heart

Once in a long time an author has the ability and the courage to write a story that wakes folks up and enthuses them so much that it sets everyone talking about it—a story with thrills in it that will take your breath away, and a love story winding thru it that warms your heart; a story that will make folks want to sit up nights to read. Chicago Ledger readers will soon be given the privilege of reading such a story. It will appear in Capper's Weekly, the best and fastest growing story and feature paper in the whole United States today. While the regular subscription price is one dollar a year, for the next ten days readers of the Chicago Ledger who send only twenty-five cents will receive this big, newsy, story paper twenty weeks, and not only will get every installment of this fascinating story, but will thoroly enjoy the many other interesting features of this big weekly. This is a special offer good only for a few days. You should send in your quarter today and not miss a single issue of this treat in story telling. Address Capper's Weekly, 402 Capper Bldg., Topeka, Kan. You can't afford to miss a single issue.—Adv.

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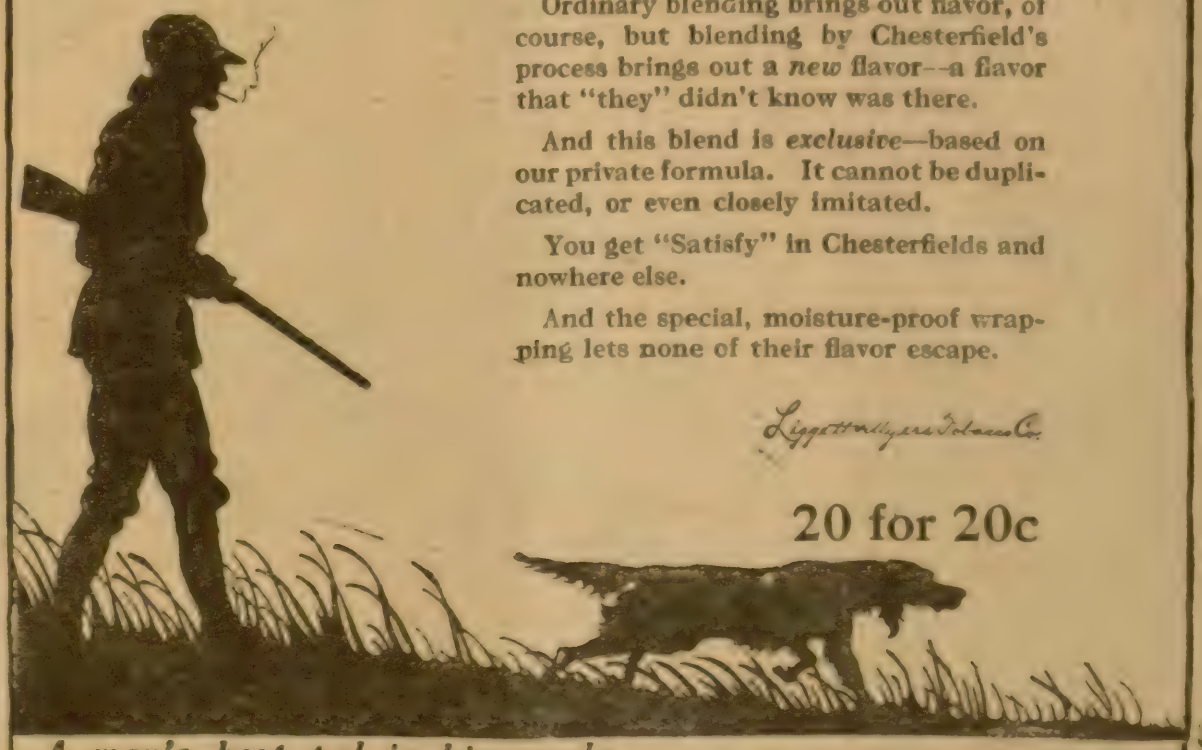

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The Sixth Installment of This Fascinating Mystery Story of the London of America

The Box of Bewilderment

By Harry Stephen Keeler

The Story of the Mysterious Bottle Thus Far:

CARR HALSEY, a special newspaper writer, enjoyed part of his income from inherited stock in the Eastern Electric Company.

ROGER HALSEY, his uncle and the president of that company, sent him a letter advising him to call immediately. But, arriving at the office,

BABSON, the seedy old doorkeeper, informed him that a sudden appointment was keeping his uncle. Carr Halsey strolled down the street and, to pass away the time, dropped into an auction being held by the Pacific Express Company. There he bought for $5.60 a wooden box which was being sold for charges and which had been unclaimed for five years. His uncle later explained that

ALEXIS ORSKI, a Russian electrical expert, who had come over to the United States years before and had founded the Consolidated Electric, a rival concern, had gradually secured 49 per cent of the stock in the Eastern Electric, and was trying desperately, by advertising, to get hold of an additional 1½ per cent held by

CLIFFORD HEMINGWAY, a former student at the University of Wisconsin, who was supposed to be in Chicago. Carr Halsey, anxious to help, offered his assistance. He went over to his office, where he opened his "Pig in a Poke" and found a bottle of blue liquid with a label reading Mazora-Ikeuna. From there he went home to his rooms. No sooner did he arrive there than he was visited by

MR. T. SUMIKO, a Japanese gentleman, who appeared to be old and ill, yet young at the same time. The latter gave a most unconvincing story about his rightful ownership of the bottle. Halsey agreed to have it for him next morning at 9 o'clock. When Mr. T. Sumiko left, however, Halsey found that a white card which he had used to delineate the lettering on the bottle's label and thus prove his ownership, bore the name of no one else than Clifford Hemingway, the key to the control of the Eastern Electric Company and his own income as well. Puzzled, he took the bottle to his friend,

WENDELL PROCTOR, a chemist. When he returned to his rooms on Tower Court he met a young lady,

MISS LORIS, to whom he rented a room on behalf of his landlady. That same afternoon Miss Loris was knocked unconscious by a bearded man who was evidently after the bottle now standing on Halsey's table by the window; the bearded man made good his escape without obtaining anything. After securing a physician, Halsey hurried to Proctor's laboratory, and there found that at exactly nineteen minutes to three Proctor had been killed. The sample of blue liquid was hopelessly spilled in the scrimmage. And on the floor the dying man had written a few mysterious words concerning the missing Clifford Hemingway. A search by Halsey revealed an imprint of a woman's heel plate. A further search brought into Halsey's possession a disc of brass, crudely cut, with a few Russian letters scratched upon it. At once he called up

ARTEMUS BAXTER, newspaper man skilled in crime investigations, and then, almost as a joke, took the brass disc to the office of Alexis Orski to get a translation of it. Orski took one look at it when it was sent in to him, grabbing his hat and fled. Twenty minutes later he was madly trying to get a train out of Chicago. Later Baxter and Halsey rigged up a dummy bottle. When the Jap called at 9 o'clock, and carried off the dummy, Baxter was following him in a light runabout. Baxter soon 'phoned that he had traced the Jap to the secluded residence of

CARLETON McCOLLOM, on the outskirts of Chicago, and Halsey hurried downtown to investigate this McCollum, buying on the way a newspaper which described an unidentified man having both legs cut off trying to board a train the evening before. Scenting that it might be Orski he went to the hospital, and Orski it was, delirious and babbling about Japanese Yens, and about a Liao Keng Ru campaign. Going to the library, Halsey found a book concerning the betrayal of the Russian forces at the battle of the Liao Keng Ru by

KRONKIENEFF, their commander, for a huge sum of Japanese money. He realized that Orski was Kronkieneff and had been frightened at the sight of the insignia of the society which had threatened to find him and kill him. Halsey also learned that among the Kronkieneff Society had been one,

RUDOLPH TERROZAS, a blond Mexican, born of German parents. Terrozas and McCullum proved one and the same. Further clews led them to the conclusion that the blond Mexican had some connection with a mysterious wireless station operating from the Mexican mountains. Going out to the estate at night, they hid under the garage floor. McCollum's servants sent up a huge balloon with a gridwork attached for talking with Mexico. Baxter immediately shot the whole apparatus to pieces, stopping some vital message from leaving the United States. At once McCollum switched on the lights of the estate, called to his servants, and had the whole courtyard surrounded.

This story began in No. 40, the Ledger for Oct. 4. Back copies may be obtained from our agents, this office, or from newsdealers.

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CHAPTER XV.

SMOKED OUT.

HALSEY, flattened out on his stomach, now thoroly frightened for the first time during the last three minutes, saw both the overalled man and the Jap come stupidly to a standstill in front of the window, their revolvers in their hands, their gaze turned upward.

"Around to the rear of the outhouses, you fool!" snarled the man in the window. "He's somewhere in there. Quick, Jose. Kogo, get by the outer fence. Don't let him get by you to the road. Shoot him dead on sight."

As tho electrified by a sudden realization of what the whole thing might mean, the man addressed as Jose disappeared from sight in a wide detour, evidently going around to the rear of the outhouses. Kogo, the Jap, dodging cautiously from tree trunk to yard light post, was making the outer fence in a hurry. Halsey with sinking heart could see that he and Baxter, beautifully cut off from help, stranded out here in the wilds far from the city, their escape blocked, three desperate men all armed and waiting to seal their lips with a well-directed shot, and not a cartridge left in the rifle revolver, were confronting a problem of life and death that held forth little promise of solution. A strange sensation gnawed sickeningly at the pit of his stomach. He wanted to speak but he dared not, lest he betray the whereabouts of himself and Baxter to the wolves on the outside.

With the Jap over back of the fence where he crouched behind one of the posts, a sudden silence fell over the whole scene, only the whirring generator in the basement adding its buzz to that of the crickets in the grass and the nearby fields. The man in the window reached up and snapped off the incandescent that made him a perfect target. A pause followed. Then suddenly came a vicious spat, and a bullet crashed into the cement garage wall, the shower of broken bits of cement spattering down in a curtain between Halsey's vision and the scene without.

Again silence. Baxter leaned over in the dark and placed his lips close to the younger man's ear. "Lie low—don't get excited and run. They have no way of knowing where those shots of ours came from. They're all up in the air. They're not sure of their ground. They——"

Almost as tho corroborating Baxter's whispered statement, two more vicious shots struck the barn door in close succession as tho the man in the darkened window was shooting in utter ignorance of where to aim. Indeed, it seemed now as tho he were either trying to drive his mysterious assailant to the open, where Kogo or Jose could engage him, or else making an attempt to draw forth another shot by whose spurt of flame he could determine the hiding place of his unwelcome guest.

After the last two shots another tense silence filled the air. From the rapidity with which one had followed on the other it was plain that the man of the goatee had in his hands a Winchester repeating rifle. Suddenly the voice of the

Jap sounded forth excitedly from behind the fence post of the outer road:

"Sair, sair," he shrieked, "try undair garage door. I thing he hidden under there sair. Somew'ere moost be."

A sput of flame came from the dark window, revealing only for the thousandth of a second a long gun barrel at the back of which was a hard face, the lips and teeth set in a grim line, the goatee and mustache below and above them. The shot dug harmlessly into the ground at the farther end of the space in which Halsey and Baxter lay motionless on their stomachs.

Another pause. Only the crickets were audible. Baxter leaned cautiously over to the younger man. This time his lips grazed Halsey's ear. "It's getting dangerous here, bub. What do you sugg——"

A fifth shot spurted from the darkened window. It hit a rock beneath the garage floor, and Halsey felt the sting of spattering lead peppering the right half of his face. It was now plain that the man in the big house was going to train his shots over the entire space below the garage floor if necessary to determine whether his enemy was hiding there or not. The younger man realized with a heart that continued to drop lower that something—something—must be done.

The next shot struck the turf some four feet to the right of Halsey's side. The gradual sidewise travel of the bullets was evident. The man of the goatee was going to direct a shot at two or three foot intervals over the whole space below the floor.

Quite a long silence followed this last shot. Halsey wondered if the man in the house had given up the Jap's suggestion. At this juncture Baxter leaned over to him and again placed his lips close to his left ear.

"Halsey, they're not going to rest until they smoke us out of here. If we stay it means we'll both be killed where we lie. I'm the man who started it, and I'm the one who'll have to pay the penalty. I'm going to wiggle out and run for it. They'll get me sure—but in the excitement while the man Jose is coming from around the back you slip out backward and beat it down that road with all your speed. You can run. You're a sprinter. Good-by, old boy. Good luck. We've spoiled the message to Mexico. We've——"

His whispered words were cut short by another shot. This one cut the turf so close to Halsey's elbow that bits of earth and grass spattered up into his lips and eyes. Another inch, and the bullets would be finding their mark. It was devilish, maddening. But already the man at his side was stumbling to his hands and knees. With a sudden wild war whoop Baxter drew himself out from under the shelter of the garage floor, and yelling at the top of his voice, dashed across the courtyard. A volley of shots rang out from three directions.

Lowering his head, so as not to see the sickening results of the fusillade, Halsey started to crawl backward toward the opening which thus far had been blocked by the man addressed as Jose. Scarcely had he covered a foot than he stopped in dismay. The whole space beneath the garage floor became lighted up by a great beam of blinding light—a bear of light that left the space almost as quickly as it had come. Peering along the ground toward the road he could see two gleaming headlights bounding and rushing toward the place; in his ears roared the sound of a motor with the muffler off, the honk of a deep horn. Already the men in

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the courtyard had heard the alarm and were breaking into a panic-stricken run in the direction of the rear fields. The headlights stopped with a jerk in front of the place and a dozen bluecoats and plain-clothes men swarmed over the fence, shooting as they came on. The man Jose dropped to the ground with the first sharp flash from the outer road. A second later the Jap was wriggling in the grasp of a tall bluecoat. One group of the newcomers was dashing up the steps of the house, and the crash of splintering wood could be heard. Two more were bending over the kneeling form of Baxter.

Halsey came slowly out on his hands and knees. "Don't shoot," he stammered. "Don't shoot. I'm—I'm not with these people." He stumbled to his feet and stood with hands upraised so that there could be no doubt about his identity in the fracas. "I'm not——" He stopped. He was watching Baxter, who had risen from the turf where he was kneeling, his face a little white, his right hand with a smear of blood on the fingers holding his left wrist. One of the bluecoated officers, who stood gun in hand, turned his pocket searchlight clear upon the other's face.

"Good Lord!" he exclaimed. "Old Artemus Baxter of the Morning Sun. What are you doing here, man?"

"Hello, McConigle. You're just in time." Baxter jerked his head toward Halsey, still standing with hands upraised. "I was out here with the gentleman over yonder—put 'em down, Halse; we're all right now—watching the cleverest little scheme ever developed for talking to Mexico with the highest antennae in the world, and defying the United States' regulations concerning code messages crossing its borders." He pointed over at the field. "See that balloon high in the air—like a toy, eh? Well, it's twelve feet in diameter, McConigle. And it's——"

His words were broken off by the sudden sound of a scuffle; a few shots barked out, and the solitary incandescent bulb which had lighted the wireless room flared up, revealing the man of the brown goatee struggling in the hands of two plain-clothes men. Those still in the courtyard watched the combat coolly. It was soon over, with the stout man bent back on the table; and the gleam of the handcuffs that snapped over his pinioned wrists told only too plainly that the shooting was over for the evening. Whereupon Baxter turned to McConigle again.

"Jumping Jehosephat, Mac, but how did you happen to come down on us as you did? That devil there"—he pointed to the man in the wireless room—"was smoking us out from beneath the garage floor shot by shot, and I sure thought our jig was up." He stared curiously at the big blue police car which was chugging and purring merrily away out in the rough roadway. "How did you ever happen to raid this Mexican dump way out in the weeds here?"

"Very simple," grunted the police official. "When we decided to snoop down on it we didn't know exactly what sort of a thing we were coming into, so we brought enough men with us, in case of the unexpected. We heard the first shot as we were crawling along the main road back there, trying to locate this Keegan road by our map. Half way to the house here we saw the balloon, heard more shots, and knew right away that something was up. So we were all ready with our shooting irons before we leaped off." He paused. "As to raiding the place," he added, "we pulled it on account of certain information given to us by a young woman who recovered consciousness on Tower Court, Chicago, tonight around 6 o'clock. One of the East Chicago Avenue men dropped in to see how she was, and she told him enough facts to make us decide in a jiffy to investigate the farm of Carleton McCollum here. In fact, it looks as tho he may be the one that's hiding a certain fellow who's wanted by the police for murder—Clifford Hemingway."

"The young lady you refer to is a Miss Loris," asked Halsey quickly, "of 810 Tower Court?"

The detective looked down at him curiously in the bright illumination from the yard light.

"Not quite, my friend," he grunted. "The name she gave us was Miss Loris Hemingway."

CHAPTER XVI.

AT ONE IN THE MORNING.

THE chimes in the tower of St. James' Church were tolling the hour of 12 midnight when Carr Halsey ascended the dark steps of 810 Tower Court, fumbling for his latch key. All around him the city streets were quiet, devoid of even a single pedestrian; above, a million stars twinkled and blinked down at little Tower square, filled with empty benches and lighted only by the yellowish-green rays from the arc lights of Lake Shore drive. All the windows in the house were dark, but as he quietly opened the door and tiptoed in he noted the bright light that poured over the transom of Miss Loris'—or was it Miss Loris Hemingway's—room.

Even as he closed the front door behind him the door of the lighted room opened a foot or two and Miss Kinney thrust out her head. She peered at him in the half glow from the tiny night bulb in the hall, and then closing the door gently behind her stepped out into the hall.

"Mr. Halsey," she called softly.

He paused at the door of his room. "How do you do, Miss Kinney. How is Miss Loris now—or is it Miss Hemingway? I understand she has come out from the effects of the drug now."

The nurse nodded. "Yes, the injections of Myolpin wore off and all danger of brain concussion is over."

He turned with his hand on the knob. "And may I ask what she did as soon as she learned what had happened to her—and that she had been in a coma for so many hours?"

"She asked for Mrs. Morely, the landlady. She asked her if a Clifford Hemingway lived in this house, and when Mrs. Morely said that she had never heard of such a name, the patient began to get excited. At this juncture one of the detectives from the East Chicago Avenue police station called to see how the victim of yesterday's assault was coming out, and she had a long talk with him. He went away in a hurry, and since then she's been sitting up in bed, wakeful, restless, in the peculiar condition any one is in when they have slept as long as she has." She paused. "Would you like to see her? She is not likely to sleep now for another twenty-four hours."

"Indeed, yes," he agreed.

Miss Kinney led the way to the back parlor and threw open the door. The lights of the room were on full. Halsey passed in embarrassedly, and stood with his hat in his hand. The girl sat propped up in bed, her magnificent dark eyes bright and clear, one black tendril hanging over the bandage of clean white gauze that was bound tightly around her temples, hemming in the rest of her curls. She looked at him bewilderedly for a moment and then smiled up at him; a dazzling, warm, radiant smile.

"How do you do, Miss Loris," he said. "How are you feeling now? Do you remember me?"

"Indeed I do," she replied quietly. "I feel as tho I've had a long restful sleep—that I could never sleep again—but strange little hammers persist in thumping at times on the right side of my head."

"That will wear off by tomorrow," said Miss Kinney brusquely. She looked at the gold watch on her wrist. Then she turned toward Halsey. "I wonder if you would mind staying here for a little while, Mr. Halsey, till I run over to my house and get a short nap. I've been up for two full nights on another case, and I confess that I'm nearly dead."

"Certainly not," he replied. "Suppose you just step into my room and lie down on my bed. I feel like Miss Loris here—that I'll never sleep again—after all the excitement I've been thru tonight. Here." He fumbled in his pocket and withdrew his door key. "Go right ahead. Get an hour's sleep. I'll stay here."

She came over and accepted the proffered key without argument. "Thank you. An hour's nap will make a new woman of me." She left the room and Halsey drew over a chair to the side of the girl with the dark eyes.

He opened his lips to speak, but she turned her head on the pillow and spoke to him first.

"Mr. Halsey—as they tell me your name is—I know pretty well what happened to me yesterday; that a strange man struck me down after I refused to believe certain statements he made; and that the doctor put me into a long artificial sleep to avoid brain concussion. But what I don't understand is who is paying for the nurse and the doctor. And——"

"Please don't worry about such things," he said determinedly, placing his hat by the side of the bed. "I am paying for them, and reason enough that I should do so. Even at that I feel guilty for having been the cause of your trouble. In fact, perhaps I may be able to explain." He paused, and then with a hungry look toward her big eyes and dark ringlets, went on: "I have been rather lonely in the last few years since my friends have gotten married and have crawled into their little caves. And I have been tramping around Chicago's amusement parks and theaters like a crusty old bachelor, apparently no longer able to make the acquaintance of the right kind of a girl. And when you said on the stoop today that you were looking for a room—I—well—I deliberately showed you a room which Mrs. Morely is reserving for another roomer who hasn't arrived yet. The tiny window in which you saw the room-to-rent sign is an alcove in the house adjacent to this. I was lonely—I wanted to get acquainted—I had a sudden desire to know you better, and so I was the cause of your getting into a place where you were knocked senseless and nearly killed. Now do you wonder that my conscience has troubled me to the point where even paying for a nurse and a doctor doesn't seem to square matters?"

She looked at him sympathetically. "It was very good of you." She paused

(Continued on Page 22.)

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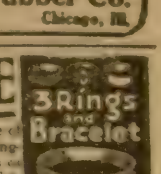

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The Story of a Derelict Who Showed Up a Hero

When "Bug" Cleaned the Slate

By Roger Fisom

"Bug" Instantly Began Some Strange Maneuvering With His Lantern.

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"BUG" Hagan might have continued indefinitely as night telegrapher at Silo Pass had he not accidently delayed the Oriental Limited on the evening of October 13 and injudiciously requested the road's general manager to go to a warmer climate when that dignitary had somewhat unjustly and severely lectured him on the higher ethics of moving limited trains by telegraph. Bug was then informed in very convincing phraseology that his services with the Big G railway would end with the conclusion of that night. And they did end, tho with a somewhat sensational climax.

The crew of Extra 437 West, arriving there at daybreak, found not only the telegraph shack reduced to ashes, but discovered Bug, the sole inhabitant of the lonely mountain pass, comfortably reclining against an empty beer keg, whooping and hurrahing in a most undignified manner. And while the origin of the beer keg remained a mystery, Bug did manage to explain how the accidental knocking over of an oil lamp had served to ignite the frail wooden structure.

When the division superintendent dropped off at the pass a few hours later he positively refused to listen to Bug's earnest pleadings that he had taken his last drink, denied him transportation, and instructed all train crews not to carry the discharged telegrapher, whereupon Bug mysteriously disappeared without so much as requesting his time check.

At 5:30 the next evening a lone passenger arrived at Silo Pass in an empty box car. He was tall, slim, decidedly dark, dead broke, and needed sleep as much as he needed a shave. His clothing was soiled and his hair unkempt. Of course, none of the train crew knew that Bug Hagan occupied M. and O. 4553 when Extra 271 East pulled into Silo Pass. Bug was scarcely aware of the fact himself, inasmuch as he had spent the greater part of that day at Oval, the first saloon west, in drinking up the savings of a trifle less than six weeks' strict sobriety.

Vacating the empty car some two hundred feet west of where the former telegraph office had stood, the derelict staggered along for several feet, suddenly tripped, sprawled into a heap of cinders, and there fell into a profound slumber.

Only because he was chilled to the very bone did he awake five hours later. It was pitch dark and as he painfully arose on his unsteady limbs he became vaguely conscious of the fact that he was on familiar ground. A friendly light guided him to the new telegraph office—an old red caboose located on a short spur about three hundred feet east of where the former office had been. The company, realizing the urgent need of a night station at Silo Pass, had lost no time in placing this ancient piece of rolling stock into commission until better quarters could be arranged for. It was when he peered thru the window of this queer office that a strange sight met Bug's gaze.

At a small table on which ticked one lonely instrument sat the newly ensconced telegrapher, Oliver Wentworth Sheffield—the product of an eastern telegraph school.

O. W. S. was one of those wavy-brown-locks-silken-socks affairs who spoke with a decided feminine accent; sported high white collars; neither smoked, chewed nor drank, and had a particular aversion for all first class telegraphers. They were, he said, "an extremely rude set of fellows."

The company had installed Oliver at Silo Pass not only because it was dreadfully short of operators, but also because Silo Pass, in spite of its convenience as a night office, was the lightest telegraph job on the mountain division. And because Oliver Wentworth Sheffield was the lightest telegrapher on the division, in point of ability, he at once acquired for himself the title of "The Lid," an appellation never applied to a competent telegrapher.

Oliver Wentworth was tenderly caressing a dainty packet of pink ribboned letters signed "Yours Forever, Honore," when his meditations were rudely interrupted by the sudden entrance of Bug Hagan, now both hungry and thirsty.

Bug smiled good-naturedly, scratched his head, and for a moment eyed the occupant with mild curiosity. He had never before seen its duplicate on the mountain division.

"Good-evening, pard-ner," he finally exclaimed, extending his hand. "Am I too late for a—a hand-out?"

"The Lid," exceedingly indignant at Bug's familiarity, scorned the proffered hand and rose.

"My superiors have instructed me to forbid your presence in this office," he declared hotly. "Please leave at once."

"Why say, Mister—operator——"

"Sheffield is my name," corrected "The Lid."

"Mis-ter Shef-field, you haven't a—drink, have you?"

This intemperate request was too much for the self-exalted youth from Janesville. He turned away with a sneer, reseated himself at the table, and began calling "D S," the dispatcher's office, tho his flighty signals scarcely resembled Morse characters.

Bug, extremely weak from hunger and thirst, passed slowly out of the door, then very deliberately seated himself by a red lantern which had been placed near the track in lieu of the regular overhead signal. Here he began unconsciously to review certain facts concerning his past career. He knew that his reduction in rank from first trick dispatcher at "D S" to night operator at Silo Pass had come about only after he had failed to avail himself of the dozen or more opportunities given him by his superiors to brace up and cut out the booze. And tho his genial good nature, generosity, and unusual railroading ability had won for him a host of friends on the mountain division, these availed him nothing now. Even this "ham" operator despised him, and—

The sharp whistle of a locomotive around the west curve had interrupted, and a moment later a long string of Pullman's carrying a luxurious observation car, pulled up in front of the Silo Pass telegraph office. Jim Tyler, the omnipresent division superintendent, was the first man to alight from the head-end, and Bug now completely sobered in thought and in action, collared him at once.

"Captain," he begged earnestly, "pass me to Spokane. I really want to brace up."

"Bug," replied the official, firmly yet not unkindly, "I've heard that reform story of yours for the past two years. When you were dispatching at 'D S' I took more from you than from any dispatcher who ever pounded brass there—simply because of your ability. When I moved you to Silo Pass it was your last chance. I can't place any more faith in your promises. Besides, you can never redeem yourself with this road. I can't carry you, Bug."

Bug Hagan entertained a hazy idea that he might turn over a new leaf could he get back to civilization and obtain other employment. Several years previous, any of the commercial telegraph companies or press associations would have clamored for his services, but Bug had loved the rails too well then to quit railroading in the Washington Cascades. Now he had no choice, and this he bitterly realized as the superintendent abruptly quit his side and boarded the train.

A moment later Conductor Jones emerged from the telegraph office, having received only a clearance, a fact which Bug did not fail to observe. There was a sudden nervous signal from his glowing lantern, and he, too, swung aboard the departing train.

Bug, unsuccessful in his attempt to jump the blind baggage, sadly watched the special's tail-lights pass over the east siding switch, for with their passing fled also what little hope he had possessed.

"The Lid," with a far-away look in his shifty gray optics, had again taken up the last missive from his absent "Honore," and in its contents he was thoroly immersed when Bug Hagan for the second time appeared at the caboose door. This time he entered without hesitation for he was curious to learn, if possible, why a red signal had been displayed when the special received only a clearance. A red signal on the Big G usually indicated orders.

A sudden feeling of resentment took possession of the old-timer as he watched this poor incompetent tenderly fondling a highly perfumed missive when he should have been reporting the departure of Second No. 1, the special. Bug Hagan had never railroaded in that way. Not only had he OS-d (reported) trains promptly, but during his trick knew as well as the dispatcher did the location of every train on the division. Few were the Morse signals that escaped his well-trained ear.

"I shall report you, if you continue to hang about this office," warned "The Lid," looking up from his correspondence with an extremely annoyed expression.

"Better report that special first," responded Bug somewhat sullenly.

EXTREMELY disgusted with the visitors' bold effrontery, "The Lid" turned away his fair countenance and instead of OS-ing, picked up from the table a bundle of magazines, devoted mostly to love stories. His face colored guiltily, and instantly he slammed them down again, yet not quickly enough, for the old telegrapher had caught sight of that familiar, yellow tissue book, a "31" train order.

"Take 'em up," ordered Bug, his dark eyes ablaze with authority, then snatched the train order from where it lay. "The Lid," having accidentally covered it up, had been too deeply interested in love affairs to remember its receipt, let alone its delivery, and had absent-mindedly issued the clearance without even the dispatcher's consent. The order was addressed to Second No. 1, the train that had just left, and to No 66 at Valley, the first station east.

"Second No. 1, Engine 910," it read, "will meet No. 66, Engine 901, at Silo. Pass instead of Valley. W. T. T."

Hagan instantly grasped the whole dreadful situation. Somewhere between Valley and Silo Pass the two trains were bound to crash together.

"Call Valley, tell 'em hold 66," he roared to the frightened incompetent. "Stay there till I get back."

Then snatching up a white signal lantern from the table, he dashed out of the east door. Passenger trains sometimes stopped in the lower yards at Silo Pass to examine parts of their equipment before descending from the 3,400 feet height at the pass to the 1,000 feet altitude in the valley below. Aware of this, Bug sped down the east track hopeful that he might recall the departed train, but after a few swings of his lantern he realized the futility of his plan. As he hastily returned to the telegraph office he caught a guimpse of a dim figure speeding down the west track. It was "The Lid."

"Damned yellow streak," cursed Hagan; then, rushing into the vaboose, he leaped to the box relay and grasped the sending key.

"My God, Bug," flashed the dispatcher's office in Morse characters that fairly tumbled over one another, "that Lid's fixed us. Couldn't catch 66; left Valley figteen minutes ago. The wrecker——"

Here the circuit opened, and Bug observing a rusty switch key hanging on the wall nearby, was suddenly seized with a wild idea.

He snatched up the key, then a coupling pin, and climbing to the cupola parted the two iron wires that entered there. This accomplished he fairly dashed out of doors to the spur switch, quickly unlocked it, threw it to main line, then returned to the caboose. Here he released both brakes, then pushed away the two blocking ties. A heavy crowbar that lay nearby he dragged to the rear of the cab, wedged its sharp

end between the rail and the wheel, then threw his whole weight onto the handle.

The telegraph office moved slightly.

A few inches more—then, as tho realizing that some important duty was required of it, the ancient piece of rolling stock awakened to life, moved a trifle faster, and shaking like an old skeleton, creaked over the spur onto the main line.

Bug closed and locked the switch, then rushed toward the caboose, caught it, and swung aboard.

The steep down-grade giving the desired momentum to the now thoroly awakened telegraph office, its lone pilot snatched up a lighted red lantern and grimly took up his place on the front platform.

Up in "D S" office at division headquarters, "Old Bill" Lahey, the aged chief dispatcher, watched the clock coolly ticking off the tragic seconds. He knew that Second No. 1, expecting to have a clear track east to Valley, would steam down the eight mile mountain grade in fifteen minutes, then dash onto the ten mile stretch of level valley track where it was bound to crash into No. 66, a fast freight of twenty loads. The lines in his care-worn face deepened as he painfully awaited the coming tragedy. Suddenly he tottered to his desk.

"One trainload of sleeping passengers hurled into eternity," he moaned; then sank into a chair and silently bowed his gray head.

Could the old chief have seen at this moment the dingy red caboose—Silo Pass telegraph office—tearing madly down 39 Mountain in pursuit of Second No. 1; could he have seen the wide-eyed pilot clinging desperately with one hand to the platform railing, the other frantically waving a dim red signal, the old chief might, too, have feared for the safety of one Bug Hagan.

THE caboose was now hurtling along at a terrific speed, groaning, shaking, and squeaking, its lone occupant expecting momentarily to be flung from the platform and hurled against the sharp rocks of the canyon thru which he was passing.

Suddenly the car swung recklessly around a curve. Hagan clung all the tighter to the railing and braced his foot against an iron rod. He was approaching Chimney Rock bridge, a steel structure one hundred and twenty-five feet high, crossing a thundering mountain stream which rushed thru the rocky chasm below.

Passenger trains had strict orders to run no faster than ten miles an hour over this bridge. Bug was going all of fifty when he braced himself for the perilous ride.

Like a flash the little red caboose shot onto the steel rails of the bridge, swerved mightily to the right, then to the left, suddenly righted itself, and the next moment was tearing helter-skelter down the last mile stretch of canyon preceding the level valley. As it reached a straight piece of track, there appeared thru the darkness two tiny, gleaming specks—the special's tail lights.

Knowing that Superintendent Tyler and the rear brakeman were both old telegraphers, and praying that one of them might now be occupying the observation car, Bug instantly began some strange maneuvering with his lantern.

Three short waves—S; one longer wave—T; one short wave (space) one short wave—O; five short waves—P; six short waves—6; six short waves—6. Which translated into Morse signals, read: Stop 66!

Instantly there flashed back from the rear of the passenger train two short waves—the telegraphic, "I understand."

The rear brakeman, acting on the warning, jerked frantically at a signal cord, air brakes screamed and screeched, and Second No. 1 came to an abrupt stop. Conductor Jones reached the head-end in time to see Engine 901 nose into the headlight of 910, then stop entirely in obedience to the air brakes which her engineer had hastily applied.

When Bug heard the pounding of the two locomotives ahead he realized that his own position was becoming perilous. After tightly setting both brakes he determined to jump, and jump he did, unfortunately just as the caboose rushed onto a short trestle. Down he plunged, head first, striking hard on the rocky bed of the little stream below, while his wild steed shot on two hundred feet ahead and crashed into the rear of the observation car.

Superintendent Tyler, standing near by, heard the strange buckling of iron, steel and wood. He saw not only the former Silo Pass telegraph office firmly weld itself into the rear of the empty observation car, but saw its brave pilot jump.

As he rushed to Hagan's aid, an almost breathless conductor joined him.

"Thank God 66 was coming no faster," panted Jones. "Three hot boxes on head-end. Everybody——"

"Safe," he would have said, but they had now reached the almost lifeless form of the old telegrapher. Bug lay on a huge rock in the little stream below the trestle—a pathetic, crumpled heap.

"Are they—all right, Captain?" he asked weakly as the superintendent tenderly lifted up the battered head.

"None hurt or killed, Bug."

"Then — then — I—re—deemed myself, Captain?"

"Yes, Bug," whispered the superintendent quite brokenly, "you have cleaned the slate."

Then by the glow of the bright lantern, he watched the faint but peaceful smile flicker from the pallid countenance.

A brave soul passed silently up the Unknown Valley and one hundred and ten passengers rode on in safety.

* * *

His Gold Medal.

A MILITARY inspection was in progress, and a critic was surveying a picturesque collection of raw uns. One exhibit provided a notable contrast in the line by reason of being several inches taller than six feet. The lanky one was hollow-chested and knock-kneed, and paraded some other frills like freckles and warts. The conspicuous part of him, however, was a gold medal that covered his left lung.

The inspector paused. "I was about to rule you out," he said, "until I noticed your decoration. Possibly you have to your credit some great deed of daring—some memorable service to humanity."

"No," answered the recruit, "this here medal was won at the county fair by our cow."

* * *

Cannon's Irony.

ONCE, when Cannon was a plain member, a certain Representative got excited about a newspaper report to the effect that a sideboard which had been given to the wife of President Hayes had disappeared from the White House. The excited one actually introduced a formal resolution directing an investigation of this momentous happening. Cannon jumped up and addressed the House in his favorite ironic vein:

"Mr. Speaker, it is right and proper that this House should carefully guard the property of the Government. We must do our duty, sir, no matter at what cost of trouble. History tells us, sir, that 100 years ago Abigail Adams hung her laundry to dry in the east room of the White House. Great heavens, Mr. Speaker, where is that clothesline now?"

* * *

Combustible Coal.

"WHAT kind of coal do you wish, mum?"

"Dear me, I am so inexperienced in these things. Are there various kinds?"

"Oh, yes. We have egg coal, chestnut——"

"I think I'll take egg coal. We have eggs oftener than we have chestnuts."

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A Cincinnati Barber Tells How to Make a Remedy for Gray Hair.

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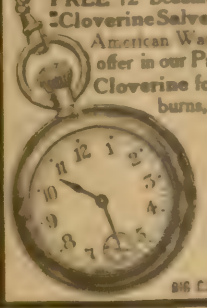

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The Tully Will

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PERHAPS Jemima Bonsell had been especially designed to demonstrate the fact that a lovely soul may inhabit an unlovely body. No one questioned her goodness. Dogs and children loved and trusted her, but men joked when her cumbersome figure hove into sight, and women, in a spirit of exaggeration, accused each other of "looking just like Jemima Bonsell!"

Heart hunger drove Jemima into a marriage with old Pat Tully, a disreputable widower who owned a stony forty acres of land west of the village.

"At least there will be a place where I belong," Jemima had told an acquaintance in excusing herself for the move, "and maybe—who knows—some day my children may love me."

"Well, Jemima," the friend had replied, "if anybody on earth can get along with old Pat Tully, you can."

Subsequent happenings proved that getting along with old Pat Tully went beyond even Jemima's powers of endurance. For seventeen years she was his hard-driven slave; she bent beneath the storm of his blows and curses, agonized over his infidelities and bore his children as rapidly as nature permitted. Then came the crisis, brought about by Madaline, the eldest and only surviving child.

Madaline was the one gleam of light in Jemima's dark career. Madaline, in her own peculiar Tully way, loved her mother. She was a beautiful girl with masses of heavy red hair, and brown eyes half hidden beneath drooping lids. Her full red lips seldom curved in a smile, but set at times with a downward droop of the corners which embodied all the cruelty of all the generations of cruel Tullys. Along with her hard-hating traits and unbending will, inherited from Tully, Madaline possessed a strain of tenderness—from her mother, undoubtedly—a capability for loving self-sacrifice intensified into something abnormal and almost grotesque.

At dusk of a short December day, Madaline came home from the village school with her books under her arm and saw her mother coming from the barn, rolling from side to side in the manner of fleshy, overworked women.

"You're late," Mrs. Tully called out, but with no rebuke in her tone. Her smile of welcome revealed toothless gums; her little flat nose and light eyes, set too near together, were wholly overpowered by flesh, and flesh in tired rolls sagged about her jaws and throat; her thin white hair stood up in bristly curls, suggesting an untidiness of which she was innocent.

Young Harold Cross, a schoolmate of Madaline's, with artistic ambitions, had once drawn a caricature of Mrs. Tully and passed it on to Madaline labeled, "Your Ma." Madaline quietly destroyed the sketch and, at the same moment, ousted from her heart a girlish admiration for Harold to make room for a hatred, satanic in its intensity and relentlessness.

"What kept you, dear?" persisted Mrs. Tully, putting down the pails she carried and swinging the kitchen door open for her daughter to pass thru.

"I stopped at the little house."

"At the little house again? Why, dear, I don't see what there is that draws you so to that little house."

"I love to go in and imagine how snug and cozy it must have been when you lived there before you were married. I can see it all as plain as day——"

Mrs. Tully laughed and flopped into a chair. "I don't see why you shouldn't be able to; I've described it to you often enough."

"The tambour curtains and green shades in the front room," began Madaline dreamily, "rag rugs on the floor, wood heater, cane-seated chairs, and rocker cushioned in log-cabin piecework, striped green and pink wallpaper, pictures of Grandma Bonsell, and Washington Crossing the Delaware on the walls."

"Yes-s-s, indeedy!" mused Mrs. Tully, "when them curtains were fresh ironed it was a pretty room."

"But I like the picture of the kitchen even better," said Madaline. "I like the picture of the roaring fire in the cookstove with the high oven and sprawling legs; of the kitchen table with its red cloth and little dinner all laid out for one; of the clock tick-tacking away the hours; of the cupboard with its glass doors where all the dishes showed, and the bedroom door standing open to show the bed with a patchwork quilt on it—that last the coziest touch of all."

"But the kitchen wa'n't always cozy," warned Mrs. Tully. "Six days out of the week there was a washin' goin' on in it—steam, an' stench, an' clutter—then it wa'n't a bit pleasant. And it was always pretty lonesome."

"And so you gave it all up for a man to beat you!" accused the girl so suddenly that Mrs. Tully started. "He never loved you nor petted you! He just took you because you could make things comfortable for him!"

"But, dearie, I've got you!" pleaded Mrs. Tully.

Madaline stood up, letting her old red cloak slip from her shoulders to the floor. Realization of her mother's lot—of the lot of all women—came upon her suddenly, ageing her, multiplying her sixteen years into forty-eight.

"What a price women pay for children!" she muttered. Then she turned to face her father who came staggering in thru the outer door.

PAT TULLY was an ugly man when in complete control of himself; when drunk, he was a devil.

Instinctively his wife shrank into the smallest space possible on the farthest side of the table, but her willing self-effacement was no check to Tully's resentment, a resentment roused by the world in general and vented, in the manner of his kind, upon the most defenseless creature within his power—horse, dog, or woman.

"Come out o'there!" commanded Tully, tripping in the folds of Madaline's cloak which still lay upon the floor.

In days gone by Madaline had been wont at her mother's bidding to scuttle away to safety until the storm should pass. Tonight she stood her ground. In one hand her father carried a whip, such a whip as should be proscribed by law for its cruel effectiveness.

"What do you want with mother?" demanded Madaline, her lips suddenly dropping into the cruel Tully curve.

"Want?" yelled Tully, "I want to kill her, an' I'm goin' to!" He raised the whip, little heeding or caring where it fell, whether upon the shoulders of his long-suffering wife, or upon those of the girl. But it flew wide of either, for Madaline struck him full in the face. The fury of that blow had been culminating for years. In it the girl vented all the rage and hate which should have been her mother's. The man reeled, his feet still hampered by the cloak, caught wildly at the table, then went down like an ox, striking the hearth as he fell.

The woman shrieked: "Madaline, you've killed your father!"

Madaline was pulling the red cloak free. "Perhaps I have," she answered coldly, "It's not much matter."

The woman ran to him whimpering. She rolled him over and cried out again as the blood gushed from a wound in the cheek which had come in contact with the sharp edge of the hearth. She staunched the blood with her apron, Madaline, meanwhile, standing coldly aloof. Her father opened his eyes, then rose to a sitting posture, his wife supporting him gently. The blow and the fall which had stunned him had, also, in a measure, freed him from the effects of liquor. He fixed his eyes upon his daughter. They burned with the cruel fires of hate. But the eyes which met his flared with the same passion, a thousand times more terrible and unnatural when seen in the eyes of youth.

"Open the door!" he commanded, and Madaline obeyed.

"Now git out of here—both of you!"

"Oh, Pat, dear, don't! Don't!" whined the mother, "Where could we go? She is your little girl—remember that—your poor little baby, Madaline! It's storming! The wind blows—wherever could we go? Be reasonable!"

"Git out of that door—both of you—and never come thru it again! You hear me?"

The man struggled to his feet, wiped the blood from his cheek and reached for his whip. Mrs. Tully gasped Madaline's arm and scuttled thru the open door, dragging the girl with her. The door clapped to with a bang driven by the foot of a half-drunken, wholly enraged man.

He had bullied and beaten and whipped with impunity, but this was the first time one of his own household had dared retaliate. She had struck him! She had caused blood to flow—his blood—and she his own daughter!

The wind, which was bitter now that the sun was down, caught at the two women cowering by the closed door. Madaline threw the red cloak about her mother's shoulders.

"Let's go an' curl up in the hay in the barn," moaned the woman, "until morning, and then——"

"And then?" questioned the girl between chattering teeth.

"Then," whimpered the woman, "maybe—then, when the liquor is out of him, he'll let us in! Oh, Madaline, you oughtn't to have hurt your pa!"

The girl laughed. "It was my goodby to him. Don't call him my pa! I have no pa! He has turned us out and we are going to stay out!"

"Oh, Madaline, don't be foolish. We can't stay out of our home, can we?"

"We haven't any home! A home is where you are—are taken care of and are safe! Come, we are going back to the little house!"

"Why, Madaline, the little house ain't got any furniture in it."

"But it's got a good, strong little door with a lock on it, and it's in the edge of the town so if anybody comes to beat us we can call out to the neighbors. Mother," cried the girl suddenly, "you've been beaten and overworked all your life! You've never been taken care of. It's because you are good and not very smart. Now I'm not as good as you are—I've got Pat Tully's blood in me—but I'm smart, and I'm going to take care of you! I'm going to make life easy for you! I'm going to give myself over to doing just that—paying you for what you've gone thru! Now you watch me!"

All the time she talked Madaline was propelling her whimpering mother down the lonely road in the direction of the village and the little house. By the time they reached the latter, Mrs. Tully was nearly spent. To her surprise the door yielded readily to Madaline's hand.

"The key is on the inside," Madaline explained, and when they were within she turned it in triumph. "There! I've got you home safe. I've been afraid he'd kill you—or me. It would have been worse if he had killed me because then you never could have got away. But now you are safe, and your girl is going to keep you safe!"

PART of the night they huddled on the floor of the upper chamber because it was warmer up there, and part of the time they walked back and forth to keep their blood circulating, while the rain dashed against the black windows and the wind made dreary noises in the big tree which stood in the back yard.

In the morning Madaline put on her red cape and hurried away, with a backward glance of compassion at her shivering mother. She hated to take the cape, but she was going into town for supplies and she must go decently.

Two hours later, a hardware man came and set up a little cookstove, and Mrs. Tully scratched together some chips, papers and pieces of boards, borrowed matches from the man and built a fire which was grateful to her stiffened limbs. Another brought wood, and still another a cheap iron bed and a mattress. After a while Madaline came, with bread, a bottle of milk, a half-pound of tea, a little tin teapot and two cups, and they ate their breakfast at 3 o'clock in the afternoon.

"I have ordered some rolls of cotton batting and some 4-cent challis to make us comforts," she told her mother. "And I saw the owner of the house and he says if we can live in the old rattletrap without repairs we may have it for $5 a month."

"Where did you get the money to do all this?" demanded her mother.

"I told the dealers who I was and that I would call soon and pay—and I shall. We must keep our credit good."

And so they began, on the very margin of living. They took in washing in the selfsame room where Mrs. Tully had bent over the tub in days long gone by, only now a strong, pretty, laughing girl joked and sang and took the brunt of the work upon her own shoulders. Madaline had given up school.

"And it's a shame, too," mourned Mrs. Tully. "Now you'll always have to wash an' scrub for a living."

One day her old schoolmate, Harold Cross, met her on the walk in front of her own door. Under his open glance of admiration Madaline's face flamed to the roots of her red hair. Her mother witnessed the meeting from the window, and drew her own foolish, innocent conclusions.

"What did young Cross have to say this morning which made you git so red?" she challenged when Madaline came in.

"He wants to make a magazine cover of me. He says he will give me as much as I can earn at my work if I will sit to him for a portrait."

Mrs. Tully was undisguisedly flattered. "And what did you say, dearie?"

"I'm not so desperate yet that I have to work for Harold Cross."

"I thought by the way you reddened up when he spoke to you that you kindah—liked the fellow," sighed Mrs. Tully.

"And what if I did, mother? What good would 'liking a fellow' do me?"

"Some day you'll probably like a fellow well enough to marry him."

"You know that I have taken a different job on my hands, and when I take a job I do it, and do it well!"

"But you won't have your poor old ma on your hands always; and, anyhow, it would make her pretty miserable if she thought she was spoilin' her girl's life."

"There's time enough to worry when there are any signs of my life being spoiled," announced Madaline with something of the Tully intolerance.

MEANTIME old Pat Tully had instituted proceedings of divorce against his wife for desertion, and while the suit was pending, surrounded himself with a disreputable circle of friends of both sexes who made a rallying-place of the house on the stony forty west of town.

It was after Madaline and her mother had succeeded in gathering together a few scanty comforts—curtains for the front windows, tables, chairs and cheap dishes—that their landlord informed them that Pat Tully had bought the house.

"Perhaps he's goin' to give it back to me, seein' it was mine when he married me," beamed Mrs. Tully. "It's all I'd ever ask."

But Madaline believed the purchase had been made for a less charitable reason.

When Mrs. Tully fell ill—very ill, indeed, Madaline worked daytimes and did nurse duty nights. Her color faded, her cheeks grew gaunt, ungirlish shadows settled about her eyes, but she kept her secret of hunger and poverty from the neighbors, and in her heart she raged. Had she not been brave? Had she not been right in trying to take care of her mother? And why was it that God—if there was a God—had let her efforts end in failure? She was so weak with watching and fasting and overwork, that the very thought of the washings and ironings which she and her mother had done so merrily together turned her sick and dizzy.

It was at the beginning of one such day that a neighbor, kindly nosing after the family skeleton, brought a copy of the newspaper containing the notice of the divorce granted to Patrick Tully from his wife, Jemima Tully, for desertion. Madaline wondered if Patrick Tully would be capable of turning them out of the refuge they had made for themselves. If he was, there was nothing for them but the county poorhouse so far as she could see.

A week later, Patrick Tully was killed by a horse which he had been beating and when the news reached Madaline, as it did quickly, the only emotion she experienced was a great wave of thankfulness that his death had been sudden—too sudden for him to have made a will. The stony forty with its dilapidated farmhouse, as well as the house

BY F. RONEY WEIR

in which she and her mother were living, would be hers, and she still might make good her promise to take care of her mother.

Suddenly she felt rich. She took pencil and paper and figured out the probable worth of the farm. There was a small mortgage upon it, she knew, but it would sell for enough to tide them over this lean time of illness and priation and leave a margin for the glad days which were coming when she and her mother would be working and joking and laughing over the tubs once more. She even felt a slight evanescent pity and sadness for her father's miserable fate; but no sorrow when she remembered that his taking off would bring to her mother a long-delayed justice.

The village attorney notified her to come on a certain day to hear father's will read. She kissed her mother tenderly and went, wearing the shabby old red cape she had worn the night Patrick Tully turned them out into the storm.

Besides Attorney Wilcox, his partner, and office boy, there was a long-faced man with hollow cheeks and a mouth set in a meaningless smile and half covered by a scraggy mustache. His eyes, prominent, expressionless, glittered like the glass eyes of a wax figure.

The attorney seemed ill at ease. "I presume you know this young woman?" he demanded of the stranger.

"We have never met before," murmured the man. He spoke with an overlapping of the jaws, as from ill-fitting artificial teeth.

"You are related, are you not?"

"I presume we are—undoubtedly we are," agreed the gentleman, "altho I was not aware of the relationship until I received your—ah—notice to attend the reading of the late Mr. Tully's will. Still, of course—Mr. Tully evidently knew that we were related——"

"I never have heard my father speak of relatives," Madaline interrupted him to declare. She was faint and ill, and the cold breath of a terrible fear was chilling her heart—the fear that Patrick Tully, even from his grave—was about to return the blow she had dealt him.

The stranger clattered his teeth and rolled glassy, unemotional eyes as he detailed the ramifications of the Tully family so far as he knew them, which, he owned, was not very far.

Then the lawyer read Patrick Tully's will in which he left his farm, his stock, his house and lot in the village, and all his personal belongings to his "cousin sometimes removed, Mark Tully, of the Tully Mill Company," and to his "ungrateful and disobedient daughter, Madaline Tully," the sum of one dollar.

Madaline's impression that the flood was undulating like an uneasy body of water and that the rug was rising to envelop her, gave way to the fact that she was very wet about the throat and hair, and that there was much talking going on about her. She unclosed her eyes and was sure there were a thousand men standing about her, where she lay on the attorney's office lounge. Then she closed them once more, and the talking went on.

"She's off again," said a voice which sounded like the voice of the doctor who attended her mother. "Hand me the brandy! Who is this damned rascal who has cut in on old Pat's farm?"

"Mark Tully, the owner of the Tully Lumber Mills, in the northern part of the State. Worth about a hundred thousand dollars."

"It isn't likely he'll trouble the girl's inheritance, is it?"

"Probably not, but I don't like the cut of his jib!"

MADALINE pushed the brandy away and sat up. She had never fainted before, but there has always to be a first time. She looked blinkingly at the men about her, the attorney, the office boy holding the flask of brandy, the doctor. Mark Tully was not among them. Some one helped her to her feet. She pushed her hair back, straightened her hat and reached for her red cape.

"Well," she breathed, "give me my inheritance." It was, of course, irregular, but her attorney handed her a dollar, and she passed waveringly into the street, refusing the doctor's offer to take her home in his car.

How was she to break the news to her mother? And how was she to fight off the deadly nauseau—the despair, which was paralyzing her faculties? And, oh, how was she to keep her promise—her boast to her mother that she, Madaline, would care for her better than she had ever been cared for before? For a girl, the fight for existence was bitter, indeed!

As she passed the village restaurant, an aroma floated out—the smell of roasting and broiling meats.

"I must have something to eat," she muttered, and walked in clutching the legacy in her hand. It was noon and the tables were filling. She sought a quiet corner and gave her order—how generous an order she did not realize. She was starving and she had never eaten in a restaurant before. When the meat was set before her she dallied with her fork—with her napkin; she made delays that the diners at the other tables might not know how ravenous she was, nor that she was eating at one selfish meal her entire inheritance. When she had finished that sumptuous—that saving meal, she sat still a few moments enjoying the merely physical pleasure of being satisfied. Already the world had taken on a different color. For the moment fate had dealt her a hard blow, but not the hardest—not the hardest. Her mother was getting better, and, now that she had eaten, she felt there was still fight left in herself.

Some one approached her table and took the seat opposite hers.

"I thought I knew that red cape," said Harold Cross, and smiled at her admiringly. "Isn't this a new departure—eating at Hookey's? What's the matter—left home?"

Two broadbacked men, loudly discussing politics at the table next their own, effectually screened them from the other tables. It was as if they were alone in a little room by themselves. The waiter brought Madaline's check and Cross laid a hand over it.

"Let me pay this," he murmured. There was a caressing quality in his voice.

"Certainly not! Why should I?" Madaline recovered the check. Her heart leaped. It called for ninety-five cents. Then she laughed softly. Well, a five-cent margin served as well as a larger.

"Madaline, I wish we might be better acquainted. Why won't you let me sketch you? There isn't another girl in town who would refuse me such a favor."

"Then you don't need me."

"But I do need you—just you! I want to paint you with your hair down about your shoulders! I want to catch the ripples—it is beautiful hair!"

She curled her lip at him and rose from the table.

"Wait a minute," begged Cross. "Don't be in such a hurry. I want to talk with you. How is your mother?"

"Better, thank God—better, and will be spared to me. But—of course—she is just as homely as ever."

"Ah-h-h! I suspected that old affair was where the shoe pinched. Madaline, are you foolish enough to let a boy's nonsense stand between us? Don't you know you must learn to forgive?"

"Must I? Then I shall choose my own teacher, and it won't be you!" she told him, and left the table.

WHEN she thought over the encounter on her homeward way she wondered if she could have been so self-reliant, so derisive, if Harold Cross had met her before she had eaten her dinner.

When she came in sight of home she saw Mr. Mark Tully standing on the walk awaiting her. He took out his watch as she approached, and turned his glassy eyes and set smile upon her.

"I've been trying to get into the house but there seems to be no one there," he complained.

"My mother is there, sick in bed. She couldn't let you in," Madaline told him, and then in a sudden white heat of hate she demanded, "What do you want to get in for anyhow?"

"To look the property over."

"You mean to take this house, then?"

He gazed at her impersonally. "It is mine, isn't it?"

"It ought not to be yours; it was mother's when Pat Tully married her!"

"I don't know anything about your parents' domestic difficulties. Do you care to rent the house?"

"I shall have to rent it until my mother is well enough to be moved. What rent do you ask?"

"I think about—twenty-five dollars a month."

Madaline laughed. "What a modest landlord!" she jeered.

"I will give you my address. You may send the rent to——"

"Never mind the address; I'll not send the rent. At that rate you can afford to pay some one here in town to collect it." After that she thought he would go, but he still lingered.

"Would it be possible for me to go over the house?"

"No, it would not! Good afternoon."

It was lucky she had eaten that restaurant dinner. She had been called upon to withstand a good deal, and she had yet to tell her mother. This was even harder than she had anticipated. Her mother seemed actually to wilt under the news altho Madaline broke it to her gently—jokingly even—as she fed her her invalid's ration of poached egg and toast.

"Your pa remembered the blow you gave him, Madaline; he couldn't forgive you that."

"I never asked his forgiveness. As it stood I considered he was away ahead in the matter of blows. He gave you and me a good many; I gave him one."

"But it was a swinger!" sighed the mother.

Madaline took up her work again, but she was careful not to starve herself as in the past. The rent might wait, she needed food and plenty of it to brace her against the ills in league against her. Between hours of labor and hours of nursing she made swift little house-hunting expeditions, but without success. Her mother had not mended so rapidly since that day of the will-reading. The awful menace of the poor-house darkened her days and retarded her recovery.

"Why, I got married to be sure of a home in my old age when I couldn't work any more, and now look at me!" she moaned.

"Lots of women do that," said Madaline bitterly. "They slave for a husband until they can't slave any more, and then he turns them out, while if they had worked for themselves and saved their money, they might have been independent. But don't you worry, mother, I'm big and strong and—ugly! I'm going to take care of you and myself, too, and of nobody else. Now you watch me!"

WHEN the end of the month drew near, the fear of seeing the rent collector coming became an obsession with Madaline. She did not know who it would be, whether Mr. Wilcox, the attorney, or Mr. Smith, the tax collector, or Mr. Houser, the dog-pound man. She knew only that she would have nothing to give him.

It was Attorney Wilcox who came swinging up the street one afternoon about 3 o'clock on the third day of the third month. Madaline knew very well when she saw him in the distance that he would knock at the door of the poor little house, and he did.

She stepped out to meet him. Her mother was not to be worried over the matter.

"You've come about the house, I presume," she began.

"Not—altogether," said Mr. Wilcox. "The house—and several other matters."

"I have no rent for you," declared Madaline stubbornly, "and I don't care very much, either. That Mark Tully can wait a while. He'll have to, whether he wants to or not!"

"Yes," said Wilcox, "Tully won't mind waiting, I guess. He's sort of—you see—assumed a permanent waiting attitude. He's dead!"

"Dead!" ejaculated Madaline.

Mr. Wilcox nodded. He's been dead six weeks. The courts have been hunting his heirs. He was a lone man, you know, a widower without children. In fact, you are the only relative he had so far as the authorities can find."

"Father left the farm to him because his name happened to be the same as ours, but he was no relation to father, and father knew it——"

Madaline paused suddenly, the light of speculation in her eyes.

"Tut, tut! Of course he was related to you!" sputtered the lawyer. "Didn't your father call him 'cousin' in his will, and didn't he himself affirm it in my office, and before witnesses? Of course, he did. Don't ever let me hear you cast aspersions on the word of a dead man—two dead men, in fact—both relatives of yours, too."

Madaline dropped to the doorstep, her face in her hands, her shoulders heaving with emotion of some sort, just what, the lawyer could not determine; but when she came up again, he was almost sure it had been mirth.

"Don't mention it before mother—not yet awhile; it may fall thru, you know," she begged. "And—Mr. Wilcox, will you be our lawyer?"

"You bet! With pleasure," promised Mr. Wilcox, and shook the hand of his new client with fatherly warmth.

"What did that man want, Madaline?" inquired Mrs. Tully in the weak whine she had adopted since her illness. "Was he after money?"

"No, mother, he came to bring us bad

The Lawyer Read Patrick Tully's Will in Which He Left to His "Ungrateful, Disobedient Daughter, Madaline Tully," the Sum of One Dollar.

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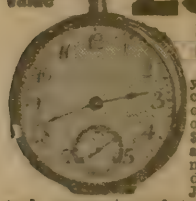

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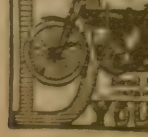

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news. Are you able to bear it? Our dear, dear cousin, Mark Tully, is dead!"

* * * * * * * * *

It was in a Chicago railway station that two young men, one a newspaper reporter with a nose for items, the other an unsuccessful art student, watched the passengers pouring from an overland train.

"Beauty and the Beast," chuckled the reporter, indicating two women who were approaching on their way to the steps which led to the street. One of the women was young with a lovely drooping mouth and red-brown eyes. She carried her head, with its crown of bright hair, high and haughtily, like the head of a princess. She was dressed with quiet elegance and seemed almost fragile in contrast to the ponderous, over-dressed old woman who clung to her arm and to whose voluble conversation she gave a tender attention. The observers could not doubt that they were devoted to each other and vastly satisfied with the world in general.

"There's a sketch for you, Cross," suggested the newspaper man, as they followed behind the two women, who were making their way to where a motor car in charge of a deferential driver awaited them. Cross stood gazing as the car slipped from sight along the crowded street.

"I've already sketched one of them—to my cost!" he answered.

A Ruse That Worked

By Phoebe Sheffield

ALL the girls in that particular section of the store took great interest in the new floorwalker. Jennie Tilton gave an extra touch to her already reddened lips; May Vorhees confessed to powdering her nose sixteen times that day, and even Judy Thornton, at the bargain handkerchiefs, in the center aisle, caught herself sauntering to the veilings for a peep in the mirror there.

This happened early in the morning before the great doors of Harbin & Bro. were thrown open to shoppers eager for a chance at Harbin's Annual White Sale.

The new floorwalker was young and good looking, and, what Judy most approved of, he attended strictly to business, seemingly unconscious of the fact that several pairs of eyes followed him all day.

"Isn't he grand?" Jennie said excitedly as the girls met outside the store and walked toward the avenue.

"I love his hair brushed straight back that way," was May Vorhees' comment. "You don't like him, do you, Judy?" she asked with a hint of malice in her tone.

"Oh, he'll do, I suppose. I hadn't noticed him especially," Judy said carelessly, and just as carelessly spoke of him to her mother that night at dinner. But Mrs. Thornton, knowing Judy well, smiled and instantly grew suspicious.

"Judy does not like the men?" so the girls said, and Judy wisely kept silence when the conversation turned on Joe or Tom or Harry. As she expressed it to her mother, "I do not like all men, but I could like one a great deal." But she never seemed to meet that one, and while Jennie and May fell in love and out again with amazing frequency, Judy made a few good friends, but had no lovers.

It was one stormy night as she raised her umbrella in the store doorway and prepared to make a dash for home that she noticed Mr. Thomas, the floorwalker. He had no umbrella, but with his coat collar turned up and his hat well down over his eyes, he stepped from the shelter of the doorway. Instantly Judy's mind was made up and even above the din of traffic, Billy Thomas heard her voice and turned back.

"I want you to share my umbrella, if you will," Judy said. "I know you live in my neighborhood and—I need your assistance," she added, quietly silencing any objection on his part as an especially violent gust of wind almost wrenched the umbrella from her grasp.

As they turned the corner near Judy's home, the rain turned to sleet, the wind grew stronger and Judy suddenly found herself deluged with a combination of rain and sleet while she looked up to see Billy Thomas struggling with an umbrella which was turned inside out.

"We're near my home. Run for it!" Judy gasped and astonished Billy by seizing his hand and pulling him after her.

An amazed Mrs. Thornton raised her hands at sight of two breathless, dripping figures holding a dilapidated umbrella between them, but she quickly led the way to the kitchen and soon the pair, divested of soaked coats and hats, were drying out before the open oven door. Billy was not slow in becoming acquainted, he chatted gayly with Mrs. Thornton and afforded her much amusement by faintly announcing that he must go, all the while his eyes, as if fascinated, wandered to an apple pie on the kitchen table.

"That the best dinner I've had since I've been in Chicago," he announced happily some time later, "and if I eat one more bite I——"

In the store next day, to Judy's relief, Mr. Thomas was as business-like as ever tho once, in passing, he whispered, "How's the umbrella?" He even failed to walk home with her, so that Jennie and May were none the wiser and Judy was glad of this. She liked the girls quite well, especially Jennie. Of May's friendship she was not sure—there was something about May that did not inspire confidence, something that caused one to be almost afraid of her. And so, while Jennie and May were loud in their praise of Mr. Thomas, Judy wisely said nothing of the evenings he spent in her home nor of her increasing interest in him.

It came over her like a flash one day as she was giving a customer her change—she was in love—in love with Billy Thomas! And she grew so interested in watching him as he disappeared down the aisle that only the customer's sharp, "And my parcel please," roused her from her dream.

Then, of a sudden, Billy seemed to change. From a light-hearted, happy young man, he became a heavy, nervous, irritable person. To Judy's questioning he, once or twice seemed about to answer but evidently thought better of it and gave no explanation. Apparently, too, he was growing fond of May Vorhees, he often stopped to talk with her and Judy knew from May's boasting, that Billy called on her and took her out.

The climax came one day when Judy was summoned to the manager's office. She went in gayly enough, but came out white and shaking—she had been accused of theft! Jewelry had been missed for some time and had been found that day in Judy's locker. As long as the goods had been recovered, Mr. Harbin did not prosecute, but he refused to listen to Judy's pleas of innocence and paid no attention to Billy Thomas, standing stern and unsmiling at the back of the room, and Billy's insistence over and over again, "That of course Miss Thornton is innocent."

But that was all Judy heard of Billy for many days. He sent no word nor did he call and Judy—trying to be brave for her mother's sake, found that looking for a new position was weary work. She came home one evening, and hearing her mother in the kitchen she sank into a chair, thankful to be alone and to be able to cry quietly over her unfruitful search for a position. A loud ring at the door bell startled her and brought her mother hurrying thru the room. The next thing to rouse her was her mother's exclamation and the sight of Billy Thomas striding into the room.

"I've got it, I've got it!" he shouted.

"Got what?" Mrs. Thornton insisted.

"Her confession! May Vorhees! She took 'em," Billy said enigmatically. "I suspected her all along and tried to draw her out by being attentive to her. Tonight at dinner, it wasn't very nice of me, I suppose," he confessed, "but I urged her to drink and she told me the whole story."

"But why——?" began Judy.

"Well, you see——" and here Billy grew very confused, "you see, she found out how much I cared for you and——"

"Oh, hang it, Mrs. Thornton," he begged, "the pie's burning! Please go out in the kitchen while I talk to Judy."

* * *

We'll All Be Busy That Day.

A DISCOURAGED counsellor remarked to the court, "My poor client is little likely to get justice done until the judgment day."

"Well, counsellor," said the judge, "if I have an opportunity I'll plead for the poor woman myself on that day."

"Your honor," replied the other, "will have troubles of your own upon that day."

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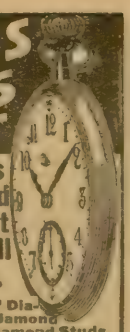

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The Clue of the Cord

(Continued From Page 6)

strange as the shipment of the money in the first place. Yucca station never had a currency shipment before or since. It is all beyond me unless——"

"Unless they are all connected up with your little puzzle story," finished Robinson.

AS THEY started to return, Sam suggested a short cut thru the railroad yards and Robinson agreed, willing to save the extra blocks. Neither young man took notice of a third young chap in the shade of the porch at the boarding house. An instant after they turned the corner, he was making fast time down a side street.

"Red Northman? Which of you guys is Red Northman?" demanded a youthful voice as the two friends came under the arc lights near one of the freight transfers. "Telegraph operator at the yard office wants to see Red a minute."

"How did you know one of us was Red Northman?" demanded Robinson, eying the youngster.

"Told me at the boarding house you had just gone and I chased along until I located two guys traveling together, one with a danger light top piece."

"It's all right," said Northman. "I know Riley well. Probably want me to spell him awhile. Have to disappoint him for once, but we can jog around to his office and say hello."

They passed out of the well lighted yards and for a time were lost in the maze of tracks packed with cars of every kind. In the distance, they could hear the snorting of switch "goats," and the far reaching whistle of an incoming transcontinental passenger train.

Then swiftly and unexpectedly four men sprang from the shelter of cars, two from the right and two from the left. Dismay gripped Northman. Why had he not heeded Robinson's warning to place the cord in a safe place for the night?

Without a word, the four men closed in and two as promptly reeled back for neither young man lacked skill or courage. The close quarters between the lines of cars, however, gave them no chance for foot work and the other two of their assailants were boring in, trying to clinch while their companions, recovering, waited an opportunity to deliver a blow. So far not a word had been uttered and no weapons produced.

"Plant again," thought Northman, as he backheeled his man, only to reel under a smashing blow from a second man. "If I can get that cord to my mouth."

Robinson fighting grimly and silently also, suddenly dropped his opponent, drove right and left, like piston strokes on another's face and took on one of Northman's men.

"Slide out, boy," he warned. "The yard men are right over to the left."

"Nothing to that," grunted Sam, returning the second man's blow with compound interest, "these fellows are pie for us."

As if to punctuate his words, the light of a pocket flash cut the semi-darkness and threw the six men into full relief. Into the circle of light, a hand moved holding a menacing weapon. The man behind was in the heavy shadows.

"Hands up, gents," came his smooth order. "Beginning with the friend at the left, one and all will drop weapons, purses, watches, any other little trifles on the ground in front of them. Be prompt and—be careful."

There was no dissenting words or actions. The voice of the unseen carried a menace too deadly. As it came his turn each man emptied his pockets and the chums wondered anew as they noted that each of their four assailants deposited ugly automatics. With the others the chums dropped watches and some money, but Northman dexterously slipped the cord between his lips as he passed his hands aloft for the second time.

"Now you two young chaps slip to the right past me and you four fellows take the left. All of you move—fast."

As they came opposite the unknown, a sibilant whisper reached them. "The boss of these men, a bandy-legged guy, is lurking around somewhere. I'll try and keep you in sight back to the lights."

In spite of a shock of surprise at the holdup's words, Sam made an effort to see his face and had an indistinct glimpse of a short man, heavily bearded. Then with a snap, the flash light was off and except for the running feet of the four men there was no sound.

Three minutes later, when they had reached the well lighted section of the yards, both experienced a feeling of relief. Robinson laughed nervously.

"Clever work, Sam. Hope you didn't swallow the cord."

"The cord is safe," answered his friend. "Who was our friend in whiskers?"

"Just a second, Watson. Did you ever see a short legged man? Big head, big body, but no legs worth mentioning?"

"Just once and that was up at Yucca before my arrest for that express robbery. Why?"

"Nothing, only I know that Peter Whistler, the right hand man of one Rodney Northman, is reputed to be such a bandy-legged man as the unknown mentioned. By the way, how about that draft for ten thousand?"

"Safely in the bank this afternoon. There's one thing settled tho. Whoever is behind the opposition, I am glad I am in the game. I am going to stay, too. Dave, did you notice that the holdup paid no attention to his loot. Why?"

A DAY later, Samuel Northman was in Spokane, in eager search of the offices of his grandfather's attorneys, Lamb & Lamb. James Lamb, the senior member of the firm, he found to be a very short and very fat individual; jolly in face and manner. His speech, however, was as crisp and concise as that of some attorneys is circuitous.

"Glad you're in the game," he smiled, after Sam had introduced himself.

"A hunt for the rainbow's end," said Sam, a little sourly.

"Exactly," chuckled the attorney. "And in this case there is something at the end—for the fortunate one."

"Are you at liberty to answer questions, Mr. Lamb?"

"I am at liberty to answer pretty nearly all questions for the reason that I know little more about this strange will than yourself."

"Grandfather's papers?" Sam queried.

"Are in the old home on Sprague avenue. Here is a key. Go out any time you wish. Keep the key until you win, lose or give up."

"Employes? Did grandfather employ any regular help?"

"Not for the past year or so. Up to that time he maintained an office on

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Riverside and employed a young lady as secretary."

"The same young lady continuously?"

"Same for the last five years. Before that there were several in rapid succession. Here are names and addresses of all. It is a copy of a list kept by Mr. Northman. I cannot say as to whether the addresses have changed recently. Let's see, the name last on the list is that of the young lady remaining for the five year period."

"He lived absolutely alone at the old home?"

"His nights were passed there. He dined in state at the Davenport."

"Did grandfather travel at all of late years; foreign countries or anything like that?"

Sam thought Mr. Lamb hesitated before replying.

"Used to disappear for months at a time. He assured us that he was traveling."

Sam saw one thing. Friendly and jolly as he was, Mr. Lamb was not advancing the least bit of information.

"Is it part of your instructions to volunteer no information to either heir?" he fired at the attorney direct.

Mr. Lamb's jolly laugh boomed out. "My part as outlined is merely to answer questions. So that I might be free to do that without revealing secrets, your grandfather carefully refrained from burdening me with knowledge of such secrets."

"Has Rodney, the other heir, been on the scene and did he also receive a key to the old house?"

"He has and he did."

"Nothing in the rules against obtaining outside help, detectives or code experts?"

"Nothing, in fact——" Sam waited, but the attorney merely smiled and shook his head. "Came near slipping over a rule myself. Going? Well, drop in at any time and as many times as you wish."

The young fellow felt a trifle heartened by the interview. Perhaps he sensed a friendliness beneath Mr. Lamb's severely non-committal manner. Perhaps, tho, he only imagined the friendliness. At least, the cheering influence was welcome, for as he started up the street he observed that he was being followed.

The daring attempts in Tacoma had warned Sam that he might expect something of the kind, and for the first time in his life he was carrying a weapon other than well trained muscles. With eyes sharpened by necessity, he had watched furtively a man dogging his steps from the depot to the hotel and Mr. Lamb's office. During his absence there, the man had been relieved and the new watcher was a Jap. A short man, even for that race, with wide shoulders and a brutish face.

Sam wondered a little at the obviousness of the pursuit and then smiled to himself. "Trying to intimidate me, eh? In plain English, Uncle Rodney is seeking to rustle my own little nanny to other pastures."

The facts, however, did start disquieting thoughts. He wondered anew if he had not better be satisfied with what he had already received. As if in answer to his thoughts, a little messenger boy touched his arm. "Message for Sam J. Northman. You the feller? All right, sign here."

Same tore open the envelope, unconsciously noting that it was rather an unusual form and that the paper inside was old fashioned. The words held him spellbound. They were few in number and typewritten.

To win, one must try.

He searched about for the envelope to get a hint from that, if possible, but like the small messenger, it had disappeared.

"Lamb," he decided. "Trying to brace me up without violating any instructions. Well, from now on I am not going to require any bracing. I am going to try and try hard. However, if my identity is so well known and easily traced, I am going back to the hotel and do a few things for the safety of that cord."

THERE, among other things, Sam found that a single stitch snipped in the lining of his vest would afford an almost invisible hiding place for a two foot cord. The matter attended to, he hurried again to make his way to South Sprague where he found the old Northman home a modest cottage quite overshadowed by handsome residences on either side. He remembered that as a small boy he had visited the place with his father and he looked about eagerly, noting few changes in the years that had passed. The quaint and homely furniture would have caused him to smile had not the oppression of sad memories been too strong for amusement.

In one corner stood the old-fashioned desk which he well remembered. Now it was in wild disorder and had apparently been overhauled by ruthless hands. On the wall had hung a half dozen portraits of the Northman ancestors. These, he remembered, had been a source of pride to his grandfather. Looking about, Sam saw that one was missing and with a surge of anger, noted that a portrait of Grandfather Northman himself had been hurled to the floor, and by no accident he was sure, for it looked as if an anger crazed fist had smashed the glass and torn the picture from the wall.

He rescued the picture from the debris and stood regarding the face of Grandfather Alvah. He had become a perfectly bald, wrinkled faced old man, cleaned shaved except for scattered tufts of white whiskers from chin to throat. A pair of shrewd black eyes seemed to twinkle into Sam's from the canvas. With malice, or was it amusement? Sam found himself wondering. Nearby hung a picture of his grandmother, a stately, sweet faced old lady, who seemed to smile down cheerily at him. Somehow, Sam began to feel rather lonely and unreasonably depressed. His search of the papers, he decided, would be most perfunctory. However, he no longer had any intention of giving up the contest. Grandfather Alvah might have lost the spirit that had been behind those twinkling black eyes; might have planned a huge joke on his heirs, but Sam did not believe it. There had been something about the shrewd old face that appealed. He wanted Sam to try.

"I'll do it, grandfather," he muttered, then shook himself nervously and began hastily to set the room at rights. Stooping over, he had gathered parts of the wrecked frame and glass in his hands when a quick step sounded behind.

There was danger in that catlike tread and Sam swung about, instinctively throwing himself into a defensive position, but too late for a crushing blow drove him flat. When consciousness returned he was a long time dissipating the confusion in his mind.

All about him were walls of solid masonry; eight feet above him, a small window admitted light. His clothing was disarranged and torn. Very evidently some one had made a determined search of his person—a search that had failed, for he felt the tiny wad inside the vest lining.

"They all know what they want, no matter who sets them on me," he thought. Carefully he got to his feet and, staggering a little, made for the door. It was as firm as the walls about it. Then Sam in a mad rage tried beating upon it and shouting, even hurling lumps of coal at the window above. It was all to no avail and he laid down, dropping into a half sleep, half stupor, the effects of the blow still lingering.

He was trying to rise again when he beheld a strange phenomenon. Without sound, the heavy door was swinging wide. For a scant two seconds, Sam had a glimpse of a black bearded visage and keen eyes that peered at him. The young fellow gathered himself for a leap before the door should close but it still stood wide as he reached it, but the man with the beard had vanished completely.

It was a long time before Sam found strength to move after climbing the stairs to the cool, fresh air and bathing his head at the old fashioned pump in the back yard where he found himself after leaving the cellar. There was a good-sized lump on his head, and considerable pain, but Sam summoned his strength of will and determination. He would go on with the day's program and the next time he would be both prepared and watchful.

He even took care to relock the door and then walked to the next block to reach the car line. At the hotel he was changing his clothes when the boy rapped.

"Letter for Mr. Northman."

Sam read the missive wonderingly. Evidently his movements were as easy to follow as the ballyhoo of a circus. In brief, the note was an invitation to

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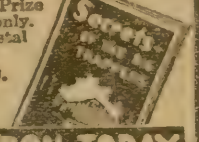

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call upon one of his grandfather's former secretaries. Miss Nina Harris was the name signed, and the address given was on North Monroe street.

Sam consulted his list of names. Miss Harris, he found, was the young lady who had been with Grandfather Alvah the longest. Very evidently she had returned from Blackfish, Mont., her last given address. The one young lady of the whole list, whom he was anxious to meet. Surely, at last, he was receiving an omen of good luck.

He crossed the river and with little difficulty found the location, a quiet boarding house. Sam was shown to the parlor and a moment later rose to greet a slender, neatly dressed young lady, whose earnest manner impressed him at once. Her gray eyes were friendly, and Sam thought he detected more than a shade of sadness in their depths.

"You are wondering how I knew of your presence in the city, Mr. Northman," she said, smiling. "Ever since Rodney Northman called upon me and demanded I tell him all I knew of your grandfather, I have been waiting for you to arrive. I have pestered the attorneys and today when I called Mr. Lamb on the telephone he seemed relieved to be able to tell me that you had arrived.

"I did not tell that hateful Rodney a word. He has money enough, and besides, I do not trust him, even if he does pretend to be so good. I should have told you nothing either, had not your appearance indicated you are to be trusted.

Northman was vividly pleased at this naive expression of confidence and said so.

"What your uncle wished to know and what I presume you, also, wish to learn, is where Mr. Northman hid himself during his long absences from the city. Am I not right?"

"That should furnish a clew, perhaps, to the origin of the strange code in which he left his last instructions," Northman put in.

"I can tell you where he was and with whom, but I know nothing of the code. Your grandfather visited South America twice each year. Peru—Alabusta, Peru, was his destination each time, and the man he visited there was named Hadore."

She sat back with a little smile as Sam registered surprise. He was not quite as surprised as he pretended, however, for Dare and himself had gone into the matter pretty thoroly and Peru had seemed to be the only country in which a code had ever been in anything like general use.

"Do you know if this man Hadore can be located now?"

"I have no idea," she said with a little frown. "I happened on the information quite by accident and you and I are the only living persons, I believe, who know where Alvah Northman actually kept himself hidden—that is, the only persons in this country."

"Do you think this Hadore person was the one who gave grandfather the idea of the card code?"

"I certainly do," she answered without hesitation.

"I am going to remember you, Miss Harris," Sam said. "Whether or not I succeed, you shall lose nothing by having helped me."

Her gay smile faded for a moment. "I am not doing this for a reward. You may come and tell me how you are succeeding—and I will ask one favor; may I see this wonderful cord?"

Northman spread before her a cord, knotted and looped bewilderingly. She took it to the window, and tho her back was turned, seemed to be studying it with absorbed interest, finally handing it back with a little sigh. He returned it to his pocket as he went down the steps.

It was growing dusk as Sam walked over the great bridge on Monroe street and stopped at the postoffice for his mail. Robinson had a long vacation that he might assist Sam in his quest, and the latter intended to find out that very evening whether he would have time enough for a trip to South America.

There were two letters awaiting him, one from Dave stating that he would be in Spokane within two days, and one that gave the impression of age, altho the postmark showed that it had been mailed in the city that afternoon.

Inside the envelope was a rough square of cardboard bearing eleven words:

Go Brittle Falls. Register at Barkley. Nina Harris has red hair.

Was the letter which Sam Northman received a hoax? What was the clew of the card? And why had his grandfather resorted to this mystery death message to his son and grandson? The second installment of the Clew of the Cord will appear in next week's Ledger and is warranted to hold your attention. Don't miss the trent.

* * *

A New Scheme.

"WHAT!" exclaimed the landlady. "Everybody late for work today! It's a disgrace. I don't understand it. I certainly tried to get you all up, but I couldn't wake any of you and get you down to breakfast. And then most of you ran away without eating any breakfast at all. I think it's dreadful."

"It's the same thing every Monday morning," declared the landlady's daughter. "Everybody's late for work Monday."

"There should be a law," declared the sensible boarder, "fixing 11 o'clock as the proper hour for beginning business Monday morning. And not only Monday, but every day following any holiday.

"With 11 o'clock the official time for commencing work on Monday morning a fellow would have a fair chance to enjoy his holiday right up to 11 p. m. instead of beginning to be miserable at sunset Sunday night."

"That's true," agreed the poetic boarder. "The Monday morning evil is very ancient. It has been immortalized in the old poem:

'When Bessie Brooks and Tommy Snooks
Were walking out one Sunday,
Said Tommy Snooks to Bessie Brooks,
"Tomorrow will be Monday!"'

which meant the sarcastic boss and the adding machine with the bright and early resumption of business on Monday morning."

"Don't you see," resumed the sensible boarder, "that if a fellow didn't have to go to work until 11 o'clock on Mondays he would have a good chance to brace himself against the ordeals of the day? If a fellow could sleep until 10:30 he would find that the sarcastic boss had lost his bite and the adder its sting."

"Yes," said the practical boarder, "and the bosses would find that they would get more and better work done that way than they are getting now when a fellow gets to work all mused up from his holiday. No man is fit to work the day after Sunday. It isn't reasonable to expect that he should be."

"Correct," observed the intellectual boarder.

"Absolutely," ejaculated the worldly-wise boarder.

"Absolutely no!" declared the landlady. "I am against it. You don't think for one minute that I would have this cantankerous bunch of cranks hanging around this establishment from Saturday afternoon until 11:30 Monday, do you? It would be at least Tuesday before I'd get you started to work."

"What should be done," said the boarder in arrears, supporting the landlady's contention, "is to make people report for work earlier Monday morning than at any other time."

Which remark, however, made no hit with the boarders, nor with the landlady, nor with the landlady's daughter.

* * *

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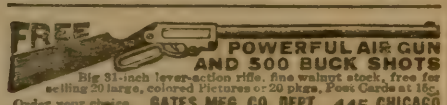

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The Box of Bewilderment

(Continued From Page 13)

a second. "As to wanting to get acquainted, I'll forgive you." She smiled a little wearily. "I am going to be in Chicago, I'm afraid, for a long, long time."

"Hurrah for the workings of Fate," he broke in enthusiastically. "And all for the mere price of a nurse and a doctor. Please be assured that a certain two people are going to see Chicago this summer as Chicago has never been seen before. I've been searching for you for exactly three years, Miss Lor—Miss——"

"Hemingway," she put in quietly, looking him square in the eyes. "Loris Hemingway."

"Hemingway," he corrected. "And I'm going to make up for those three years of loneliness by enjoying the company of Chicago's prettiest resident." He stopped, and his face clouded up. "But there are some questions that I must ask. There are some things that puzzle me exceedingly. I have just come from a scene of great excitement at which place I was told that certain information came from no other than Miss Loris Hemingway, of the very house in which I live. That's all the information I've been able to obtain thus far. And——"

She stirred on the bed. "Yes, Mr. Halsey that means that there is a confession due from me." She looked uneasily down at the counterpane. "I will have to admit that I came to Number 810 Tower Court yesterday with the direct intention of investigating the people who live here, and that room-to-rent sign—which according to what you just said belongs to the next house—provided me with the very excuse I was looking for. You did not trap me into that unfortunate assault, Mr. Halsey. I brought it down upon my own head." She paused. "So you see you owe me nothing."

HE LOOKED down at her puzzledly. "Miss Hemingway, who is Clifford Hemingway? Your brother?"

She nodded. "Yes, my brother."

"And where is he now? I gather that you yourself do not know."

She shook her head, and then gave a sharp cry as the motion started the hammering inside. "No, I do not know—and I cannot find out—and I'm afraid——"

"Tell me about it," he said firmly. "Your brother is involved in my own fortunes in some way, and if you will explain I'll tell you facts which will be of interest to you."

She moved to a more comfortable position on the pillows. "There isn't much to it—except the strange fear that something is wrong. Cliff was more or less of a wanderer, but he has always made it a point to correspond with me. A few years ago he went to study at the University of Wisconsin, working in the Kansas wheat fields during the summer to pay his tuition for the rest of the year. He wrote to me every few weeks, but it wasn't until during his senior year that he mentioned the great thing of his life—his chemical process."

"His chemical process," repeated Halsey, leaning forward.

"Yes, his own discovery," asserted the girl. "Cliff told me in the last letter I received from Madison, Wis., that he had stumbled in his chemical studies upon an explosive that was super-powerful and so cheap that its cost was next to nothing—an explosive made by a secret treatment of what he called sil—sili—sili——" She wrinkled up her forehead. "Silicon oxide—that was it. He had made test after test with it. A grain of it packed in a revolver cartridge drove the lead further and swifter than the whole load of black powder. A pinch of it enough to cover a dime, and discharged by concussion, blew a stump further into the air than a regular dynamite cartridge. And he was certain that it was the cheapest that man had ever invented, for commercial purposes."

"You say it was produced by a simple treatment of silicon oxide?" put in Halsey tensely.

She nodded.

"Then indeed it would be the cheapest explosive known," he pronounced gravely, "for silicon oxide is the base of sand—ordinary sand—which is almost as cheap as air. Such a secret in these days of expensive munitions would be—— But pray go on."

"Well, his letter regarding it was very enthusiastic," she went on, after a pause. "He was certain that his Hemingite, as he called it, was going to revolutionize the expensive gunpowder business; that it could be used in all places where an explosive was of any value. In fact, he mentioned the possibility of using it for everything from rock-quarrying to shrapnel shells. And the cost of his Hemingite, he declared, would be one-tenth that of gunpowder, made from carbon and—and—nitrates. So you may be sure that I was interested, considering that I have been so poor all my life."

She stopped, whereupon Halsey spoke: "So he left Wisconsin University when he graduated, with this secret in his possession? Was he going to try to develop it commercially in Chicago?"

"Not exactly," she returned. "Cliff had no money to develop anything, for he was as poor as I was. He hoped to find some one with capital who would develop it for him. He had the secret—the simple chemical reactions and the formula of the final explosive—but not the hundredth part of the capital necessary to patent it and manufacture it on a large scale. And he found just the right man in Chicago, according to the first letter I received from him after he left Wisconsin University."

"And that man was one Carleton McCollum, in the Old Colony Building," put in Halsey quietly. "A promoter and financier for military, naval and aeronautical inventions?"

CHAPTER XVII.

THE CARD THAT TRAVELED IN A CIRCLE.

AT HALSEY'S abrupt anticipation of her story, Loris Hemingway stared curiously at him. Then she nodded carefully. "Yes, that is correct. But when he wrote me about the man Carleton McCollum, he mentioned also that in case he couldn't make satisfactory terms with the latter, he had in view a chemist whom he had called on—a young fellow who appeared to have had capital enough to equip a very expensive laboratory."

"That was Wendell Proctor," Halsey informed her. "Proctor was one of my best friends."

Again she looked up at him wide-eyed, but asked no questions. Then, after a pause, she went on:

"That letter in which he mentioned Carleton McCollum, the promoter, and Proctor, the chemist, was the last I ever received from him. In it he did not mention his Chicago address, and so I had no way of writing to ask the reason for his silence. I waited and waited. Finally I began to wonder if something had happened to him and so I wrote to this McCollum myself, asking for news of my brother who, I understood, was negotiating with him. I addressed the letter plainly, requesting the postoffice to use directory service and to return in three days if they could not locate the party. The letter never came back; neither did I receive any answer whatever from the man McCollum. I wrote again—and again no reply. And then, thinking of the secret process that Cliff claimed to have in his possession, I realized for the first time that he might be killed in cold blood for such a valuable thing as that. It had never struck me in that light before, you see. And so I decided to come up to Chicago and try and locate Clifford myself."

"You arrived," said Halsey curiously, "and visited McCollum's offices, I suppose, as soon as business hours opened. What did he tell you?"

"Altho it was after 10 o'clock he was not down yet," replied Loris Hemingway. "There was only a little office girl who answered the 'phone and took care of visitors. So I wrote out my brother's name on a blank card from my purse,

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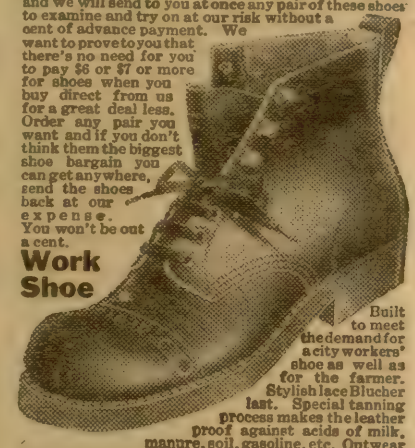

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and gave it to her, telling her to hand it to Mr. McCullum when he came in and tell him that the sister of the party whose name was written on the card was in the city and wanted to know the whereabouts of her brother at once. Then I left the Old Colony Building." She paused and looked puzzledly at him. "And that very same card——"

"Yes, I know," he admitted grimly. "That card was the same one I dropped when I rented you this room here and was fumbling for something to write a receipt on. In a few minutes I'll explain all that. It must look to you very much as tho I'm mixed up with Carleton McCollum myself. Such is not the case, however." He paused. "But let me hear the rest of your story."

"Well," she went on, "after I left the Old Colony Building I got access to a 'phone directory and looked up the address of this Wendell Proctor whom my brother had mentioned in his letter as being another likely person to help him develop Hemingite. But whether they had come together on it or not I had no way of knowing yet. I found that his office was in a building over on the city's north side called Bush Temple. After a few inquiries from traffic policemen I got the right car and reached Bush Temple. The one elevator of the small building was broken, I had to tramp the whole five flights upstairs."

"And what did Proctor tell you?" asked Halsey eagerly. It had been on his lips to tell her that the man she had called on had been murdered, but he decided to say nothing about that feature as yet. "And what information did you get from him?" he repeated.

"The laboratory itself was open, but no one was there," she explained wearily. "I took a chair and waited and waited, but he did not come."

Halsey nodded his head slowly. "I called on him myself at around 1:30, and then left in a hurry because I had an engagement up north. At the time I was leaving, he was washing up and removing his rubber apron telling me that he was going downstairs to get a bite of lunch. So he must have been down in one of the Clark street restaurants while you were waiting. But what caused you to give up the hunt?"

"I LET my eyes rove around the laboratory," Loris replied, "and I saw a test tube or vessel half full of a bright blue liquid, right near the chair where I was sitting. Clipped to the edge of the glass tube was a little slip of paper bearing my brother's initials —C. H. and an address, 810 Tower Court. That was more than possible that this man Proctor might not return for several hours, and so I left, determined to find Tower Court and investigate for myself. I tramped down the long stairs again, and a man on the street told me that Tower Court was only a few blocks east of Bush Temple. But when I got there and found number 810, once again —the old story! Everywhere I went I seemed to be thwarted by lack of response. Mr. McCollum had not answered my letter; neither had he been in when I called. Mr. Proctor had not been in when I called. At number 810 Tower Court no one came to the door when I rang the bell. I really wondered, Mr. Halsey, if Fate was deliberately trying to circumvent me. And I was so tired that I sat down on the bench and waited for some one to come. And I decided, while I sat there and my eyes rested on that room-to-rent sign, to engage a room in this place and not to take any further chances of having people tell me lies or refuse me information. Once on the inside I could soon learn the truth of why Clifford Hemingway could not be seen by his own sister. And you know the rest."

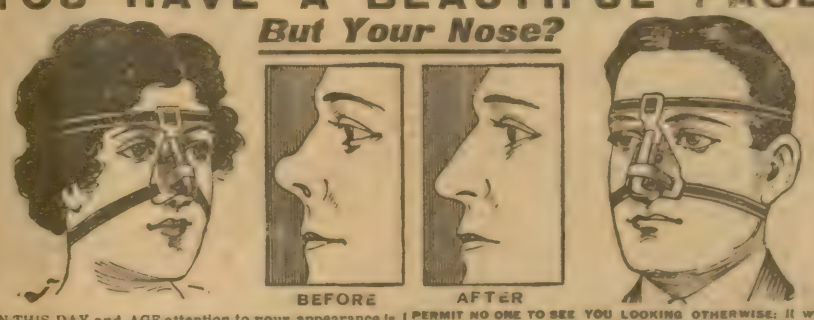
"Mrs. Morely told you, when she got home tonight and found that you were yourself again, that there was no Clifford Hemingway in the house? The 'C. H.' that you saw clipped to the test tube of blue liquid were the initials of one, Carr Halsey, myself—not Clifford Hemingway at all. Enough for that. Just two more things I want to know now: First, what happened here today just prior to the instant when the stranger at the door knocked you senseless; second, tell me of the interview with the detective tonight."

"After I had unpacked and got settled down in the room here," the girl said, "fully expecting to surprise my own brother at night, a long ring came at the doorbell. Since it was repeated again and again, and there seemed to be no one here to answer it, I finally went to the front door myself. A big man with a brown beard and mustache stood there. He seemed to be very polite. He asked if Mr. Halsey was in. I told him that no one was home but myself. Then he said that Mr. Halsey who roomed in the first floor front had sent him to get something from his room. Of course I told him that I couldn't permit anything to go from the house, because I had just moved in and was a stranger here myself. He seemed to hesitate for a second as tho he were doing some deep thinking; then he reached into his back pocket like lightning, lunged forward at me, and it seemed as tho a great shower of light splashed over me, followed by blackness and sleepiness that lasted for a long, long time. When I came to, I found myself in bed here, Miss Kinney standing over me. Mrs. Morely came in a short while later, and when I questioned her I found that there was no one in the house by the name of Clifford Hemingway. A few minutes later a detective stopped in from the nearby police station to inquire how I was getting along, and so I told him the whole story about my brother, his discovery of Hemingite, his being mixed up with this Carleton McCollum in the Old Colony Building, and how the latter refused to answer both of my letters. He took down all the names and addresses and left in a hurry, saying that there must be something radically wrong and that the police would start an investigation immediately." She stopped

Halsey leaned back in his chair. "It's all plain now," he assured her. "As to the card you left at this McCollum's office, I can only partly explain the matter. There is a Japanese associated in some peculiar way with McCullom, at his home on the outskirts of the city. This card got into the Jap's possession and he used it to write out a description of some property belonging to him which was in my possession. At any rate, he left it here yesterday and you

(Continued on Page 25.)

YOU HAVE A BEAUTIFUL FACE
But Your Nose?



BEFORE AFTER

IN THIS DAY and AGE attention to your appearance is an absolute necessity if you expect to make the most out of life. Not only should you wish to appear as attractive as possible, for your own self-satisfaction, which is alone well worth your efforts, but you will find the world in general judging you greatly, if not wholly, by your "looks," therefore it pays to "look your best" at all times.

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1 Knitted Princess Slip
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HOT OFF THE JOKESMITH'S ANVIL

Brain Teasers.

Double Decapitations.

176—1. Behead "away," and find wide, once more and find a pathway.
2. Behead "smitten" and find a vehicle, once more and find an uneven place.
3. Behead a bird and find one who loves, once more and find across.
4. Behead "to creep away," and find to unite, once more and find a colored liquid.

Four Word Square.

177—1. The dearest spot.
2. Ajar.
3. A meadow.
4. Terminals.

Hidden Letter Puzzle.

178—My first is in adverb, but not in noun;
Second's in country, but not in town;
Third is in rental, but not in lease;
Fourth is in auntie, but not in niece;
My fifth is in salmon, but not in pike;
Sixth is in Anna, but not in Mike;
Seven's in willow, but not in ash;
Eighth is in money, but not in cash;
Nine is in sable, but not in mink;
Ten is in violet, but not in pink;
Eleven's in damsel, but not in girl;
Twelve is in jasper, but not in pearl;
Whole, bright and beautiful sadden us, too
We know that glad summer has bid us adieu.

Ten Timeless "Tics."

179—Each word ends in tics.
1. Wildly excited.
2. Effective.
3. Judicious.
4. Fanciful.
5. A household service.
6. A cement.
7. Pertaining to air.
8. Keenly ironical.
9. Instructive.

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES.

172. Diamond.

```
      H
    M A P
  M A R I A
H A R V E S T
  P I E C E
    A S E
      T
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173. Arithmetical Puzzle.

17	24	1	8	15
23	5	7	14	16
4	6	13	20	22
10	12	19	21	3
11	18	25	2	9

174. Simple Repetitions.

1. Beaten, be a ten. 2. Notable, not able. 3. Often, of ten. 4. Tomato, to ma to. 5. Parents, pa rents. 6. Profitable, profit able. 7. Alternative, alter native. 8. Handled, hand led. 9. Abet, a bet. 10. About, a bout. 11. Useless, use less. 12. Begone, beg one.

175. Abbreviated States.

1. Mop-Mo. 2. Alma-Ala. 3. Lace-Cal. 4. Cold-Col. 5. Cod-D. C. 6. Dale-Del. 7. Flat-Fla.

It is not desired that readers send in the answers to the puzzles. They are printed simply as brain teasers, and the correct answers will be printed the following week.

It Didn't Work.

"I see where a man claimed he kissed a maid because she happened to be wearing one of his wife's hats."

"The idea being, of course, that he mistook the maid for his wife."

"Exactly. But he overplayed his hand."

"How was that?"

"His wife says he quit kissing seven years ago."

Cutting Him Short.

"Do you give me credit for wisdom?" asked the judge.

"Certainly," replied the lawyer who had just started on a long-winded and wearying argument.

"Well, just remember," said the judge, "that a word to the wise is sufficient."

Some Problem.

"Jack is it hard to float alone?"
'To float a loan? Almost impossible these days."

FOR THE FIRST TIME

"Today, for the first time, I was really delighted to hear my neighbor's piano going."

"Something worth listening to, I suppose?"

"I should say so, I heard the installment men taking it away."

Thrift.

Senator Twobble, your political opponents charge that you have two members of your family acting as your clerks."

"True, sir."

"But isn't that nepotism, Senator?"

"No, sir. That's plain common sense and foresight. I haven't the slightest chance of being re-elected when my term expires."

The Boy's Idea.

Howard had not had his breakfast one morning when his grandfather drove up in his car. Howard wanted very much to go along, but his mother said, "But you haven't had your breakfast yet, and grandpa doesn't want to wait."

Howard studied a moment and then replied: "Well, if I was a grandpa and had a little boy, I'd say, 'Go on and eat your breakfast and I'll wait for you.'"

Theory and Practice

YOUNG Willie's mother spoke today
Before the Woman's Club and said
That punishment was always wrong,
For children should be gently led.
Her argument was clear and strong—
None dared her statements to gainsay.

She took examples from old Rome;
Traced Caesar's greatness to his nurse—
I think a whipping now and then
Would not have made him any worse.
She pointed out a score of men
Whose march to power began at home.

Napoleon, Gladstone, Washington
And Roosevelt—she named them all—
Were gently shown the way to fame
And never cuffed when they were small.
Let every mother do the same—
Try moral suasion on her son!

She finished amid cheering wild,
And homeward went with keen desire
To fondle Willie—little pet!
The sight she saw aroused her ire;
He'd cut to bits her new aigrette!
Alas! She spanked her angel child!

Firm as a Rock.

"I hear the editor of the Plunkville Palladium is quite a feller."

"Yep," assented old Pop Snooks of the Grocery Lyceum, "he always takes an uncompromising stand on anything that nobody is opposing."—Judge.

Easy Payments.

Jones—"By Jove, Hobson, you do look smart! That coat must have cost you a tenner."

Hobson—"Not at all. Only five bob down and five bob every time the tailor sees me first."

American, All Right.

"I do not want anything made in Germany," said the Lady in the Toy Store. "Are you sure this is an American doll?"

"Just try it for yourself, ma'am," replied the Clerk. "When you squeeze it it says: 'Votes for women!'"

Biddy's Comeback.

Mistress—"Now, Bridget, there's no use of further argument as to how the dish should be prepared, but our ideas on the subject are so different that it is evident one or the other of us is crazy."

Bridget—"True for ye, mum—an' sure it isn't yerself'd be kapin' a crazy cook."

Getting Down to Details.

"Now," said the instructor in the school of anarchy, "we will proceed with our dancing lessons."

"What's that for?" inquired the pupil.

"To give you accurate command of your feet, so that you won't stumble when carrying a suitcase full of TNT."

Truthful.

"Why is it your mother trusts us so seldom alone?"

"She knows me better than you do, John."

The Fatal Flaw.

'The Germans," said Senator Williams, "frankly pursued for forty years a policy that had a fatal flaw in it.

"The Germans were like the chap who said in a sanctimonious tone one evening to his wife:

"'How happy I am this evening, dear! I have done three good deeds today.'

"'What were they?' said his wife.

"'On the way to business,' said he, 'I saw a young woman weeping on a church step with a baby on her knee. I asked her what the trouble was and she said that she had walked seven miles to have her baby christened, and now found that she had lost her money on the way.

"I told her to cheer up, handed her a $5 bill, and bade her have the child christened and bring me the change. She did so—she did so gratefully—and thus, dear, I did three good deeds. I performed, first, an act of charity; I started, second, a little child in the way it should go, and third, I got four good dollars for a bad five-spot.'"

Short in the Dorsum.

A little girl who loved animals came home one day accompanied by a strange dog.

"Why, Cissy," said her mother, "that dog isn't yours. You have no right to bring him home."

"We-ll, mamma," pleaded Cissy, "he didn't belong to anybody any more than the flowers. I can pick flowers—wild ones—and keep 'em, and the doggy was just like the flowers, so I came along and picked him."

At this point the dog turned round and displayed a noticeable lack of tail, whereupon Cissy's small brother broke in with: "Why didn't you pick a longer stem?"

The Final Test.

"I thought you said this bathing suit was in fast colors," said Binks, indignantly, to the storekeeper of whom he had bought his suit that morning.

"Yes, sir, that's what I said," returned the storekeeper.

"Well, every wretched stripe on the thing has come off on my back," retorted Binks.

"Ah, but wait until you try to get 'em off your back," smiled the proprietor suavely. "Then you'll see."

Chocolate Flavor.

"What's this?" said Elsie's mother, as the child handed her a familiar looking quart box.

"That's what you sent me to the drug store for, wasn't it?"

"I said cold cream, child."

"Well, that's the coldest I could get, mamma."

They Want to Forget It.

"He's a self-made man."

"But I never hear him bragging about it."

"He has two highly educated daughters. They rather discourage references to the time when he ate in his undershirt and smoked a clay pipe."

Moonstruck.

The Worried Stage Manager—"Well, what's the matter now?"

The Stage Carpenter—"The Moon's struck, sir; 'e says as 'ow 'e won't rise under fifty bob a week an' a pint o' beer durin' the eclipse."

City Dweller's Delight.

Flathunter—"Frightfully small! Why, there isn't room to fling a cat in this flat!"

Janitor—"Wouldn't do ye no good if ye could. Animals ain't allowed."—Life.

Had Enough.

Lady Jane—"Have you given the goldfish fresh water, Janet?"

Janet—"No, mum. They ain't finished the water I give 'em t'other day yet."

The Military Hun—"Ach, dey did not get our navy. Dey shall not haf our Kaiser."

The Naval Hun—"Gott in Himmel!—you're not going to drown him, too?"

Self Evident Fact.

Professor Physics—"Now, young man, what is a vacuum?"

Young Man—"Why, er-er, well, it's in my head, professor; but I can't seem to think of it just now."

might mention that Perez was the representative of the element in Mexico which was inimical to the United States. In fact, Mexico for years had had it in for this country, assurances otherwise notwithstanding. And so Perez, the Secretary of State, Valera's representative, took a trip to the Orient. Enough for that."

"I was a newspaper man then as I am now," continued Baxter, smoking, "but even mixed up in the daily grind as I was, I had a profound impression that Perez' stay in Tokio was of a longer duration than necessary—and it was indeed a longer stay than he had made in any other country in the Orient. Which brings us, naturally, to another point:

"I'm sure that you'll agree with me, and I'm sure that every person realizes that between Japan and the United States today there is only the friendliest of feelings; a mutual interdependence brought about partially thru our being Allies in the great war against autocracy, but more because of the gradual understanding of each other's aims and the appreciation of each other's nationalistic point of view in the delicate questions of the Pacific. Indeed, Japan and the United States are more nearly bringing about a new solution of the question between the yellow and white races than has ever been brought about before. The old unfortunate matter of the school children in 'Frisco which stirred up a little commotion in the junker press of this country as well as over in their islands, is of the past. And today Nippon and Uncle Sam stand hand in hand; friends, brothers, and not enemies on account of trivial misunderstandings.

"Always, however, in any nation, there is a clique of so-called junkerists—a clique which aims to secure war where war is not at all necessary. When that clique reaches the dimensions of a great national movement, then war is usually brought about. But so long as it remains only a clique, then things are at a standstill. And it was precisely this condition which existed at the time that Perez, the chief of the junkerists, the head of the Mexican war department, remained in Tokio on his famous trip to the Orient.

"There was such a clique in Japan at this time; a set of narrow-minded officials who saw in a war with their big friendly neighbor, Uncle Sam, opportunities for personal aggrandizement rather than national benefit. The head of that clique was Baron Komura, then chief of the Japanese war office. Baron Komura, to those who knew him then, was one of the few men in Japan anxious to instigate a war with Uncle Sam. But fortunately for national good, Komura's power was still short of attaining a national movement; unfortunately, on the other hand, Komura was chief of the war office—a most dangerous position for a man of his radical and ferocious ideas."

"It was at this war office that Kogo Hayashi, my Jap, was employed?" put in Halsey.

Baxter nodded. "Yes, I am coming to that. Let me speak again briefly of Perez and Komura. Part of what I am telling you comes from memory; part comes from the confession of Kogo Hayashi at Federal headquarters just after midnight. All right. It has long been suspected in certain diplomatic circles that Komura and Perez signed written agreements to the effect that if Mexico would at any time make a concerted, scientific military attack along the whole course of the Rio Grande, the Japanese war department would immediately follow the move by making a naval attack on the United States along the whole Pacific coast. Just what date they agreed upon verbally for this action is not known even now, but it is suspected that it lay somewhere in 1914, and that it was circumvented by the great European embroglio which aligned the nations against each other in a most definite arrangement. This arrangement placed Japan with the United States against Germany on account of her being allied with England, the one country that Germany never believed would enter into the European war. So much for that.

"As I say, in view of that trip to the Orient, and the over-long stay at Tokio an agreement has been suspected to be in existence. Two agreements I should perhaps say; one in the possession of the Japanese war office, one in the Mexican war office. But, if such agreements were signed, we must recall that Perez went down on the Ocean Queen in mid-ocean and never reached Mexico.

"Well—to cut a long story short—there really was such an agreement drawn up. Kogo Hayashi knew where it was kept in the vaults of the war office, concealed in an envelope marked in code. He hated Komura with all his heart. The hatred came from some old obscure family reason that we have not been able to elicit. What his reasoning was in stealing that agreement—yes, that was what he did, Halse—we have been able to disclose. He thought that if Komura were shown up before the people, plotting to lead their little country, not yet recovered from the Russo-Japanese war debt, into war with their big eastern neighbor, they would rise up and overthrow the Japanese war exponent. And I'm thinking that he knew the viewpoints of his people better than did the few who comprised the inner circle of Japan."

"So he stole it," asked Halsey, very interested now. "And what did he do with it? Also—where does the prison sentence come in?"

Baxter smiled. "Yes, he took it from the vault in the war office. He carried it around with him for twenty-four hours, before he took fright and realized that he could be shot for stealing such a thing. And so he pulled off an ingenious stunt. He purchased a quantity of a well-known Japanese dye, rather expensive—you've seen the stuff yourself, old man—and took it to his rooms. He removed the label from the brown bottle that contained it. He took that agreement, written in Mexican and signed by both Perez and Komura, and trimmed it down to the edge of the writing. It was then about eight inches by six. I guess you've guessed the rest. He covered the face of it with paste, and placed it on the bottle. He painted a new inscription on the back of it. Then he shipped it by the Pacific Express Company to Chicago, U. S. A., where he had friends, and the most dangerous and valuable paper in the Japanese war office went out of Tokyo as a mere label on the front of a bottle of Japanese dye."

Halsey gave a long whistle. "Well—I'll be darned. And I thought all the time that it was the stuff itself that was at the bottom of the mystery. And it was the label instead? And you found the signatures, did you, when you soaked the label off? Why didn't he follow it up? And why did he want to send it on to America? Also, why——"

"Enough," interrupted Baxter grinning. "One question at a time, if you please. Yes, it was soaked off in the Federal bureau at 3 o'clock this morning, after Rice and Kenyon brought it from your room here. It's the original agreement, all right, signed by Komura, who has been dead for several years, and Perez who met his death in the Ocean Queen disaster. It's on its way to Washington now, where the signatures will be compared with the signatures of both parties on old state documents. Then it'll be safely locked up—or else destroyed." He paused. "Now as to your other question: Why didn't Kogo follow it up? Reason enough. The loss of the paper was discovered by Komura himself just three days after it was stolen, and before Kogo could resign and get out of the country he was arrested. An attache of the war office testified that he had seen Kogo inside the vaults at a particular hour when no employe of the war office was allowed inside of them, and on the strength of that they gave him five years in the penitentiary on the island of Nakanoshima. Why had he sent it on to America? The only place he could safely spring such a sensation without being assassinated, was in the protection of the very country who was to be the victim. Kogo Hayashi had due appreciation, you see, of the value of his own life.

"Well, Kogo served out his time on Nakanoshima. In the meantime, many changes had occurred. Germany was fighting the world to down democracy. Komura, the bloodthirsty war lord, had died. A new feeling had covered Japan—a sentiment that Uncle Sam and Nippon were hand in hand economically, diplomatically, socially and militaristically. Mexico had been disgracing herself for years. That paper no longer had the peculiar value for which Kogo had stolen it: to down Komura and show him up before the Japanese people, before he had succeeded in inculcating in his land the necessary feeling against the United States.

"As soon as he was released, Kogo came on to the United States—to Chicago. He didn't try to recover the bottle, for some one told him that all goods were sold one year after they were uncalled for. In prison he had developed a naval invention, and looking about for some person to finance him it was but natural that he should gravitate into the clutches of Carleton McCollum, the spider of the Old Colony building."

Thus far it appears that McCollum was the man who killed Wendell Proctor, but in next week's number, much to our surprise, McCollum is going to spring an odd alibi that is unshakable. If McCollum did not kill Proctor, then who did? You will find out who did, and, better, exactly why, if you get next week's number which is the final installment and stay with it right to the very end.

* * *

Making Sure His Ground.

NEAR the entrance of the Dollar Bank Building the other day a colored man hesitated in front of the office directory and carefully scanned the list of names.

"Can I do anything for you, uncle?" asked a thoughtful young man who stood near the spot.

"Ahm lookin' foah a good attorney," the man explained.

"Well, you'll be safe in taking almost any on the list."

"But Ah wants a fus' class man."

"Well, why not go to Umson?"

"Is he fus' class?"

"Best there is."

"Well, Ah'll go to see him, 'cause my case am impohtant."

"What's the trouble?"

"Ah thinks Ah kin git a divo'ce fum my wife, 'cause Ah jes heard she went and got married again."

* * *

Wise Kid.

IN AN infant school the teacher chose the miracle of the water being turned into wine as the subject of the usual Bible lesson.

In telling the story she occasionally asked a few questions. One of them was:

"When the new wine was brought to the governor of the feast, what did he say"

A little girl, remembering what she had heard, probably on some festive occasion, called out:

"Here's luck!"

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Physician Says "Yes"----Cites Case of

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Had they not kept their blood rich in iron the athletes of old might never have achieved such fame, is the opinion of Dr. James Francis Sullivan, formerly physician of Bellevue Hospital (Outdoor Dept.), New York, and the Westchester County Hospital, who believes that modern men who are fagged out by worry, work and other strains might readily build up their strength, energy and endurance by increasing the supply of iron in their blood.

As an example of the superb physical condition that may be obtained by a man of today who follows proper methods of living and who keeps his blood filled with strength-giving iron, Dr. Sullivan cites the case of Jack Dempsey, who used Nuxated Iron as a part of the training which gave him such marvelous development that he is now recognized as the Superman of the Age and perhaps the superior of any famous athlete of ancient times. In connection with his use of Nuxated Iron, Dempsey says: "Nuxated Iron put added power behind my punch and helped me accomplish what I did at Toledo. From the results in my own case, where the possession of super endurance is necessary, I feel that I am in a position to strongly recommend Nuxated Iron to every man and woman who wants to build greater strength, energy and power."

In commenting on the foregoing statement made by Dempsey, Dr. Sullivan says: "It should occur to every thinking person that if a man as physically fit as Dempsey should consider it advisable to take Nuxated Iron how much more important it is for the average man or woman to see that there is no lack of iron in the blood. In my opinion, the men of today who want to be strong, sturdy and successful must either live more as did the athletes of old or else supply the iron deficiency in their blood by taking some form of organic iron—Nuxated Iron. I have used Nuxated Iron in my practice, and I know of nothing more effective for building up the system and increasing the red blood corpuscles, thereby enriching and fortifying the blood against the ravages of disease."

If you are not strong or well you owe it to yourself to make the following test: See how long you can work or how far you can walk without becoming tired. Next take two five-grain tablets of Nuxated Iron three times per day, after meals, for two weeks. Then test your strength again and see for yourself how much you have gained. Many an athlete or prize fighter has won the day simply because he knew the secret of great strength and endurance, which comes from having plenty of iron in the blood, while many another has gone down to inglorious defeat simply for lack of iron.

The coarse foods and rigorous methods of living practised in ancient times made rich red blood for the men whose feats of strength and endurance won fame for them through the ages. Today modern methods of cookery extract much of the natural iron from our blood and this, coupled with the more rapid pace at which we live, make it necessary in our present age to supply the iron deficiency thus caused by taking some form of organic iron—Nuxated Iron—so as to build up a race of sturdy, red-blooded men.

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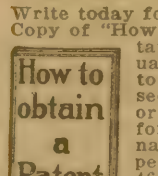

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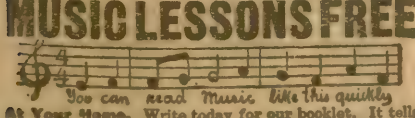

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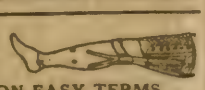

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Being Homesick.

"LET'S sit here for a minute." The girl with the big brown eyes, whose rose-colored cheeks seemed pinker in contrast with the blue of her nurse's uniform, dropped down on a bench from which she could watch the fountain in Grant Park lightly tossing its feathery cascades into the air. The stalwart young soldier at her side followed her example, and they both sat silently looking over the broad, beautiful avenue. Both from western towns they had met in a local military hospital where she served as nurse and he was convalescing from wounds received overseas.

"So you're really going home next week?" she said and sighed a little

"Sounds good, doesn't it?" he queried, but the little thrill of happiness in his voice rang not quite true.

"I'd like, awfully, to see the people at home," the girl replied, "just be there don't you know? Not that I don't perfectly love it here," she added hastily, "only sometimes I think, now that the war's over and I don't seem to be needed so much that maybe I'm getting just a little homesick. Lots of boys in the hospital, yes, but not so many as we thought there would be."

"I bet you are homesick, you poor kid, you." Impulsively he laid his hand on hers and gave it a gentle, sympathetic squeeze.

She let her hand remain in his. Somehow the warm clasp made her feel not quite so much adrift and away from familiar things. In the gathering dusk the chattering crowd surged by them unheeding. She was silent for a moment. Then she laughed.

"I said I was thinking a lot about home lately, but I wonder if you'd ever guess what I've really been thinking about most."

"Search me," he said genially. "Shoot."

"I guess I might as well tell you, for I woke up thinking of it, and I've thought about it every time I haven't been too busy ever since, and it's made me feel simply the emptiest thing on earth." She slipped her hand out of his and clasped her fingers together tight. "It's—well—it's strawberry shortcake as mother makes it, buttered when it's hot, don't you know, and with lots and lots of strawberries and sugar and whipped cream, oh, dear me, I am a pig and it seems like a kind of complaint too."

He took advantage of her momentary excitement to possess himself of her hand again.

"It's awful to think so much about eating, isn't it, when you think what you soldiers have gone thru, but really I don't talk like this to anybody but you."

She fixed her earnest eyes on his. "It's just that with you, somehow, I feel so—kind of—at home, don't you know——"

"Honest!" His voice was eager. "Do you know that's just how I feel about you—kind of like I'd always known you! I felt that way the very first time I ever saw you. As for thinking about food, why, over there in the trenches I used to get to thinking—well—it was pie mostly with me—and I used to think of ma and then of her pie and then of ma again."

He laughed and she joined him, but in a rather tremulous way.

"It's funny, isn't it?" she said. Then quite suddenly her voice broke and in another instant her pretty head was buried on his shoulder.

"Oh, I don't want you to go home," she wailed. "I know it's mean and selfish of me when you want to go so badly, but I'm just—going to—die—of lonesomeness when you're gone. I told you I was thinking of strawberry shortcake when I wasn't really. I don't care if I never see any again. But I could stand that if you weren't going. Isn't there some way you could stay? I just can't bear it if you don't."

It had grown quite dark and the faint lights didn't penetrate to where they sat, so, a little awe-stricken, he drew her close to him.

"Why, kid," he said, "you don't honest mean that do you?"

"Oh, of course, I know you couldn't." She squirmed around in an effort to get her handkerchief, but he held her tight.

"And, kid," he went on, "did you really mean what you said just now about being lonesome when I'm gone? Because if you did—of course you're a whole pile above me, because I know I'm a kind of roughneck and like that, but I could maybe learn to be nice and refined like you if you'd teach me—and, kid, I'd be awfully good to you——"

She made a queer little sound of protest.

"It isn't that," she said in a smothered voice, "it's just that I just—about—proposed to you—you couldn't help asking me——"

"That's all right, kid, just so I know."

* * *

Catching the Right Wife.

"NO, SIR," the young man with the large ears began, for no especial reason, "you don't catch me enriching the divorce court after I get married. I'm going to use my brains."

"It's one couple out of every eight or so," reminded his friend with the brown shoes. "How are you going to be so doggone lucky?"

"Maybe," brightly suggested the youth with the trusting expression, "maybe you'll be cutting off your own nose; maybe you'll wish like the mischief that somebody would hand you a divorce all tied up in a neat package with blue ribbons. You might not like your wife, after all."

"I have planned it all out," insisted the young man with large ears. "I am not going to hop into matrimony in two jumps with the childlike idea we are going to keep on loving each other madly for no reason whatever. There has to be a reason for everything. My wife must consider me the finest, bravest, best looking, smartest man she knows before I propose to her!"

"Why pick out an imbecile?" queried the young man with the brown shoes.

"The way I shall manage that," loftily proceeded the budding scientist, "is to spring a series of my friends on her for contrast. If I take a particularly homely friend to call, she naturally will gaze at me thankfully and discover all sorts of untold beauties in my countenance. That impression will linger.

"Then I shall select my stupidest friend, and while he sits and bores her to death with inanities I shall ripple forth all the bright things I have collected for a month. Possibly I shall detail some especially shrewd business deal, meanwhile asking him how it was he had such a crash in his own business affairs. I shall be sympathetic and all that, but the girl will remember how successful I was in comparison, and no father stating to her in cold terms that my salary wouldn't keep her in shoes and gloves can make any dent in her admiration for me.

"There are simply untold possibilities in the idea. If I find her inclining toward some other suitor I shall at once pick out his weak point, instead of sulking or fighting. Maybe he will have large assortments of sisters, brothers and cousins, and in that case I shall call her attention to all the stories of domestic unhappiness caused by meddling relatives, incidentally mentioning that I have no one related to me living nearer than Seattle.

"If my rival is popular and sought after I will show her how lonely she will be evenings when such a husband chases off to clubs or parties, leaving her at home, and if he is handsome I can prove that he will be vain and domineering.

"In this way I shall be certain of her opinion of me at the start and there will be no unhappy awakening. Her opinion will be formed and she will never change it and decide she is in love with the sympathetic stranger who tells her that she is understood and appreciated. And I shall flag my little camouflage story about Mamie's having cooked every scrap of the dinner I am invited to with her own little hands. I know a chap who believed that, even tho Mamie looked as cool as a cucumber, with a perfectly powdered nose, while her mother was red-faced and beaded with the dew of honest toil. As for me, I am going to sit in the kitchen and watch Mamie cook that dinner. I'm going to be sure she knows how to boss the cook when I can afford to hire one.

"If I do all these things and many more which I have no doubt will occur to me as time goes on, there is no reason why I should not be sure of the girl I marry and there will be no disappointment afterward——"

"Wake up, Bill," implored the young man with brown shoes. "Maybe the girl you pick out will be trying a few of the same kind of stunts on you for the same purpose. Most girls are a lot smarter than the dubs they marry. How're you going to prevent her doing that?"

"And, Bill," added the youth with the trusting expression, "before you can do all this you've got to find a girl, you know, who is perfectly willing to be trained. It's a case of first catch your bird. And maybe she'll want her picture in the paper, anyhow, and there won't be any way for her to get it there except by posing as the abused and misunderstood wife of one William James Fer——"

"Aw cut it!" growled the young man with the large ears. "I might 'a' known you two wouldn't take any interest in anything really intelligent!"

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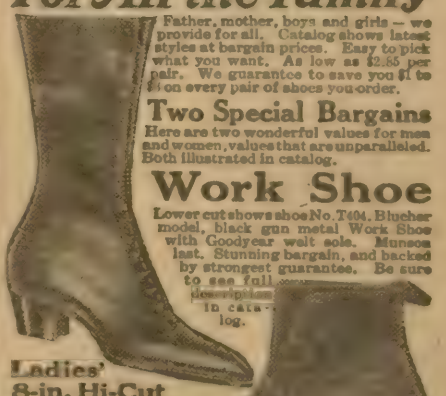

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The Image.

BENNY, the missionary's little son, sat under his father's teakwood house thinking about something very important. He had just been talking with Nan Chai, the missionary's elephant driver, who had told him an extraordinary story. Of course, Benny wasn't superstitious in the least and really didn't believe all of the story, but it had set him to thinking seriously.

Nan Chai had said that once upon a time there was a bad man who had more nerve than was good for him. This man made an elephant image out of clay, then he got four snails and fastened them in the elephant's legs for feet, then he got an earthworm and stuck it behind for a tail, then he got a leech and used it for the elephant's trunk. When the image was made it moved on its snail feet and switched its leech trunk and earthworm tail. Now every one knows, so Nan Chai said, that the spirits worship My Lord the Elephant. So it was that the spirits seeing the image move and switch its tail in the most lifelike manner possible, decided that it was a true, live elephant, and down they came to do homage. Of course, they soon found out that they had been fooled. They were furiously angry, you may be sure. They hunted up that bad man and sent thirty-seven bolts of lightning down on his head. "Which only served him right," concluded Nan Chai.

Benny did not believe the part about the spirits, but the idea of making an image which could move seemed good to him. He did not sit under his father's house long, thinking about it. He was soon out in the blazing Siamese sunshine collecting what he needed for making the image.

"What are you doing, little Nai?" asked Nan Chai, who was lying under a castor oil bush chewing betel-nut.

"I'm looking for some snails," was Ben's reply.

Nan Chai sat up and looked at the boy suspiciously.

"What do you want with snails, little Nai?" he inquired.

But Benny felt that perhaps he had better not hear the question. He had a feeling that Nan Chai might not want him to make the elephant image. So he went on and found his snails, his leech and earthworm, all of which he carried in half a cocoanut shell and, with a lump of clay in one hand, he sat down again under his father's house. He was hardly there a minute when his Siamese friend looked under at him and called:

"Come quick! I'm going to bathe the sadaw in the river!"

The sadaw was the missionary's great tuskless elephant which Benny loved above all things to ride, so he was not long in accepting the invitation. While he was climbing up to the elephant's head Nan Chai disappeared for a minute, but soon he came back and they all rolled grandly down to the river.

Afterwards Benny found his clay, leech, earthworm and snails mysteriously missing. "A lizard must have eaten them," he thought.

It was such a very hot day he did not try to find more materials to replace those he had lost, but early next morning he collected more snails, another leech and earthworm and found more clay. Then he sat down under the house to model. But he had hardly finished the legs when Nan Chai came hurrying along. The house was built on tall teak poles to keep out the white ants so there was plenty of room for a man to stand and walk underneath. Along came Nan Chai, looking straight ahead and mumbling something as if he were on some distractingly important business. Straight he came towards Benny.

"Look out there!" Too late! Nan Chai strode on and stepped right on a section of bamboo in which Benny had put four snails, smashing it and its occupants flat. "Oh, pardon me!" cried the old Siamese. But what was the use? There could be no elephant image that morning.

Benny tried to be nice about it, but he wished people would look where they were going. Then he went out and found more snails. This time he took his materials and sat on the veranda near his mother, thinking it would be safer there. But no sooner was he settled down when Nan Chai came bowing and grinning and chuckling. And what did he do but tell Benny's mother that the leech belonged to him! It was his pet leech, so he said. "'Tisn't!" cried Benny. "I found him in the river between my toes!"

"Give him his leech, dear," commanded his mother firmly. "We must be a good example to these people."

Benny was quite peeved but down to the river he ran and got another leech. Then he sat down under a palm tree and began to model. Along came Nan Chai and "Cluck!" the earthworm was no more. Nan Chai had brought a rooster with him and set it down in front of the cocoanut shell in which Benny had laid his worm.

This time Benny was mad. "Look here, Nan Chai," he said severely, "you did that on purpose. You say you're a convert, but you believe in spirits or you wouldn't keep trying to prevent my making the elephant image. Aren't you ashamed of yourself?"

"Come," replied Nan Chai, soothingly, "shall we take a little ride on the sadaw?"

Benny agreed, of course, but he was still determined to make the image, if only to convince his Siamese friend that spirits couldn't send down lightning bolts.

That very evening came a good chance. The missionary was in his study reading, Benny's mother sat at her little round bamboo table writing a long letter home. The big lamp was lit and everything was nice and cozy. Benny brought clay, leech, earthworm and snails into the house and sat down under his mother's table and there he made the image.

It was no easy matter making that lively worm stay where he was put, but a good squeeze settled him and the leech was so tired out from being carried about all day he was quite willing to be the elephant's trunk, as for the four snails, they were all in their shells asleep.

"Now I'll run to Nan Chai's house and get him to come and see!" thought Benny, triumphantly.

Out he ran, and as he opened the door his mother said:

"Shut the door tight, dear. I saw a snake wiggling along near the steps just before supper and I don't want it to get into the house."

Benny obeyed and ran to Nan Chai's house. "I've made the image!" he cried. "No lightning has struck me, see? Come on and look at my image."

They were soon back at the missionary's house. But just as they reached the veranda they heard a scream and then a loud explosion. Bang! Bang! Bang! Nan Chai turned and ran away as fast as he could, but Benny ran into the house, crying: "What is it?" His mother was bending over something on the floor, a revolver in her hand, and the missionary was there, too.

"Something crawled out from under the table," explained Mrs. Missionary. "I thought it was a snake and I shot it."

Benny stooped down and looked. It was his image!

"Oh, well," he said after a minute, "I made it anyway. The only trouble is, I'm afraid Nan Chai will never believe that the spirits didn't send down a bolt of lightning!"

He Remembered.

THE lesson was of the rabbit.

"The rabbit has long ears, fur on its body and a tail—nothing to speak of, tho"—the teacher informed the class. The next day he wanted to know what they knew about it.

"Now, then, Rupert"—he spoke to a particularly good-looking boy who was among the bright ones—"tell me something about the rabbit."

"The rabbit has a tail," said Rupert, eying the other fellows triumphantly, "but it mustn't talk about it."

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The invisible antiseptic ear drum invented by Mr. A. O. Leonard, which is in reality a miniature megaphone, fitting inside the ear and entirely out of sight, is restoring the hearing of literally hundreds of people in New York city. Mr. Leonard invented this remarkable drum to relieve himself of deafness and head noises, and it does this so successfully that no one could tell that he is a deaf man. This ear drum is effective when deafness is caused by catarrh or by perforated, partially or wholly destroyed natural drums. A request for information addressed to A. O. Leonard, Suite 116, 70 5th Ave., New York city, will be given a prompt reply.—Advt.

Unanimous.

"What would be a good way to raise revenue and still benefit the people?"

"Tax every speech made in this country."—Life.

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The Bayles Distributing Co., 1858 Grand Ave., Kansas City, Mo., will mail Free Sample of ANTI-FLAMMA, a Soothing Anti-septic Poultice that draws out the poisons, stops the itching around sores and Heals While You Work. Write today describing case.

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Barnes—"Heaven forbid! An ordinary woman can cross-examine quite well enough."

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Madame Mignette's Beauty Cream and Skin Food removes every defect, spot, freckle, pimple, blemish or wrinkle, leaving the skin soft, clear and smooth. It is perfectly harmless and will not injure the most delicate skin. It preserves and brings back the youthful glow to the face and ruddiness to the cheeks, preserving it in this condition until extreme old age. This preparation has been used for years, and hundreds are now using it and are more than delighted with the results. Send us ten (10) cents for formula which you can have filled at any drug store at a very small cost. Do not delay, but write at once. Box 491, Blairsville, Pa.

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32x3½	9.65	3.25	34x4½	14.85	4.50
31x4	10.75	3.85	35x4½	15.25	4.75
32x4	11.95	3.95	36x4½	15.95	5.00
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34x4	14.65	4.25	37x5	15.95	5.50

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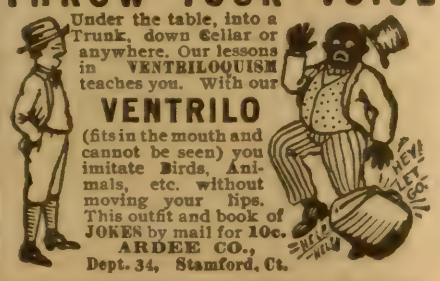

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When Loony Lion Was Crowned King.

ONE day, a long, long time ago, there was really a serious discussion in Jungleland as to just who was King of the Jungle. Of course, the lion had always been considered king, for his people had claimed that title for years, but one fall the tiger, the elephant, the rhinoceros, the hippo, all insisted that they had a right to the kingship, and they wanted the votes of all the jungle people in the matter.

Well, when the election came off, all the ladies of the jungle voted for the lion, because he had promised them a lock of his hair, and he was elected. But alas for Loony Lion! He had promised so many locks that when time came for him to take the throne he had hardly any mane left at all.

"What shall I do?" he cried, "what shall I do?" and he looked at himself in the waters of the jungle pond and he really looked like a fright, but none of his family could think of anything to take the place of the beautiful mane.

Finally the monkeys offered their services and came chattering to the lion. "Oh, let us make your crown," they cried. "The forest is full of such lovely leaves, so golden they will look like the finest of crowns!"

"Very well," said the lion, "make one, but remember, it must be a big one."

Everybody in the jungle dressed up in their best to see Loony Lion made king and they had made a throne of rocks and branches from the trees and jungle flowers for him that was very grand, indeed. But, alas, Loony had no sooner mounted the throne with his crown on than a monkey, by mistake (they are such thoughtless creatures), dropped a cocoanut on the king's head, which slapped his crown flat as a pancake and, my, how funny he did look! All the jungle folks burst into such laughter that it shook the monkeys out of the trees. "Ha, ha, ha!" laughed old Tommy Tiger, and all the tiger family joined in.

"Huh, huh, huh!" bellowed the rhino, and all the little rhinos joined in.

The monkeys screeched and rocked their sides, and the alligator grinned so he showed his hundred teeth that are only seen once in a thousand years, and the kangaroo and the bears did a dance that only wise ones of the jungles know how to do and is called the dance of Great Laughter.

And the king? Well, he was so indignant that he sprang down from his throne and gave them each a sound cuffing with his paw, and that is the only way he could quiet them and prove himself king.

Laundered.

BILLIE had been studying his grandfather's face, which was very wrinkled.

"Well, Billiekin," said the old gentleman jocularly pinching the little boy's rosy cheek, "do you like my face?"

"Yes, grandpa," said Billie. "It's an awfully nice face; but why don't you have it ironed?"

The Diary of a Dog.

GEE, but I'm excited The folks are taking things to the attic and packing the trunks, and I think we are going to Palmer Lake, like we did last summer. I got in the way of one of the trunks that fell down stairs, and I thank my stars I am still alive. My nerves are on edge, tho.

July 11—I heard one of the boys say it is only one more day before we leave. He told another boy he wasn't going to leave his little dog here to swelter. I don't know what that means, but I suppose it means to die. They haven't finished packing yet, tho. Yesterday they brought a thing home from town that they put on my head and around my mouth. Mother Blair said it was a humane muzzle for me. I tried to yawn, but I couldn't open my mouth. I went into the house and drank some water, and I could drink all right. Homer said it would be loose when I put my head down and tight when I raised it, but I can't say I like the thing. I guess it must be on the order of those gas masks I hear them talking about.

July 12—Well, they've finished packing and here I am waiting for the taxi to come, and then we're off. I am all a-tremble, there's been so much excitement about this place this morning. Well, we got off all right, and I had to wear that muzzle thing, and Mother Blair bought me a ticket for the train, and the boys went with me to the car, and my, I never saw so many trunks; we only had four, so there must be a lot of people going to Palmer Lake. There was only one man in our car and I don't know how he ran the thing, but he didn't understand a word I said, and he kept calling me "Frisk," and saying: "Here, you've got another friend on here with you."

I heard a noise behind a trunk, and I pulled at my rope that was tied to a trunk handle, and there round the corner I saw the cutest little white dog, and right away I said: "How do you like traveling?"

"I don't like it," he growled.

"Are you going to Palmer Lake for the summer?"

"No," he said. "I am traveling with my folks, who are going to Denver. Denver is much larger than Palmer Lake, and I am sure I'll see a lot more than you will."

That made me sore. "Well," I said, "I don't care, but I tell you if you're going to Denver you are on the wrong train, and better get off right now."

"Oh, I guess not," he said sort of smarty like, "and he tried to ask the baggage man a lot of questions, but he only said: 'Stop that yelping,' and I kept still and was glad he told him to hush. And my, we argued all day about everything that we talked about, and I decided he was a very peculiar dog.

July 13—Well, it sure was hot last night, and I was glad when they gave me some cool water this morning and a bite to eat. We stopped at a place early and the boys came running to my car, and saying: "How are you, old fellow?" and they petted me a bit, and I felt better.

Well, not so very long after the car stopped running for quite a while, and I heard a lot of noise outside, and then pretty soon the baggage man untied my rope, opened the door and there were the boys, and I was so glad to see them I jumped all over them. And Mother Blair got in a taxi to ride to the cottage and we went afoot. I didn't know which cottage was ours, but as I went up the hill I smelt some meat cooking and some way I knew that was Father Blair cooking, so I jumped loose from the boys and ran flying round to the back door, and sure enough there was Daddy Blair, who had come out ahead to get the cottage all fixed up for us, and he said:

"Well, old fellow, I knew you'd be hungry, so here's your bone waiting for you," and I sure was glad.

Roosevelt's "Thank You."

ONE of the things it is nice to remember about Mr. Roosevelt was the way he had of saying "thank you" to people for any and everything they did for him. It was always a hearty, enthusiastic "thank you," and made people know that their kindness was appreciated.

A woman who knew him both before and after he was President said that one day when he stopped at her farm she gave him a glass of buttermilk, and he thanked her as gallantly as tho she were a queen instead of a poor, hard working woman and her gift a bag of diamonds instead of a glass of buttermilk.

All That Was Necessary.

"BOBBY," inquired the mother, "did you wash your face before the music teacher came?"

"Yes'm."

"And your hands?"

"Yes'm."

"And your ears?"

"Well, ma," said Bobby, judicially, "I washed the one that would be next to her."

Fashion Ignores the Fat Woman

Season after season the master fashion creators labor in woman's behalf—except for the overstout woman. Is true fashion denied corpulent women? It seems to be. Yet there is a way out. You who are obese can soon wear the slender, shapely garments of approved style.

The Korein system, of which Oil of Korein is a factor (and all that you need to buy), will take off your surplus weight—mold your figure to the graceful, flowing lines demanded by fashion—do it quickly—without strenuous exercise or the usual dieting. It will bring down your weight and keep it down—make you healthier, younger in appearance, vivacious, happy!

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$100.00 GUARANTEE that you will reduce 10 to 60 or more pounds; or no cost to you! An absolutely genuine assurance. Study the two shadow pictures here showing *before* and *after* reducing.

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Every dollar of our one million dollar capital is behind this promise.

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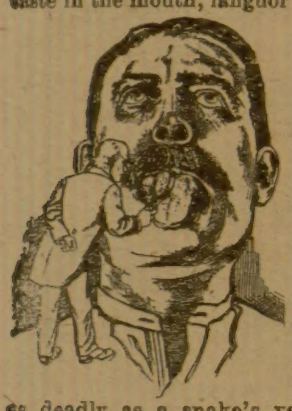
A Coated Tongue? What it Means

A bad breath, coated tongue, bad taste in the mouth, languor and debility, are usually signs that the liver is out of order. PROF. HEMMETER says: "The liver is an organ secondary in importance only to the heart."



We can manufacture poisons within our own bodies which are as deadly as a snake's venom.

The liver acts as a guard over our well-being, sifting out the cinders and ashes from the general circulation.

A blockade in the intestines piles a heavy burden upon the liver. If the intestines are choked or clogged up, the circulation of the blood becomes poisoned and the system becomes loaded with toxic waste, and we suffer from headache, yellow-coated tongue, bad taste in mouth, nausea, or gas, acid dyspepsia, languor, debility, yellow skin or eyes. At such times one should take castor oil or a pleasant laxative. Such a one is made of May-apple, leaves of aloe and jalap, put into ready-to-use form by Doctor Pierce, nearly fifty years ago, and sold for 25 cents by all druggists as Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets.

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I want you to realize that my method of treating piles is the one safe, best treatment.

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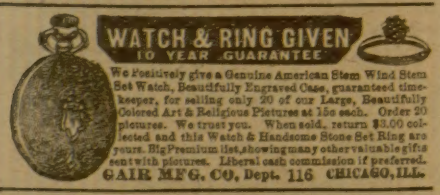

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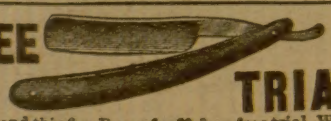

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ASTHMA

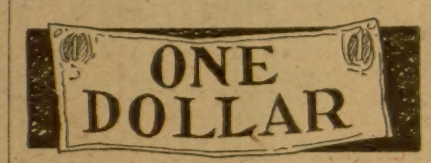
Why suffer? Dr. Kinsman's Asthma Remedy gives instant relief. 25 years of success. 60c. at all druggists. Avoid all substitutes.

SWOLLEN VEINS are promptly relieved with inexpensive home treatment. It reduces the pain and swelling—over comes tiredness. Full particulars on receipt of stamp. W. F. YOUNG, P. D. F., 337 Temple St., SPRINGFIELD, MASS

MENDING TISSUE THE WONDER OF THE AGE. No sewing or darning. Repairs clothing, silk, satin, cotton goods, ribbons, fabrics of all kinds, kid gloves, mackintoshes, umbrellas, parasols, stockings, etc. Package, postpaid, 15 cents, two packages, 25 cents. Address, PENN PUBLISHING CO., Blairsville, Pa.

IT'S A LONG, LONG ROAD TO TIPPERARY!

But it's not nearly as long as the road between



AND

He was a dirty, ragged, devil-may-care tramp. All he had to his name was a shirt, trousers, coat, shoes and a hat, all in the last stages of wear. He hadn't seen soap for a month. And when a whole dollar came accidentally into his hands, a sudden determination seized him to run that dollar into a million.

BUT HOW?

The "Why" and the "How" and the "Wherefore" provide only part of the entertainment in the story,

"THE GOLDEN VAGABOND"

in next week's Ledger.

A Change in Names

DR. PAUL ANTHONY MORRIS bowed out his last patient, then passing thru the waiting room, thru his office with its surgical instruments shining brightly under the electric light, he entered his study and sank wearily into a great comfortable chair.

A wood fire sputtered and crackled on the hearth; the lamp was turned low and the noises of the street could be heard only faintly in this retreat. Paul Anthony lighted a cigar, gave a big sigh and prepared to dream. It was foolish, he knew, to dream in this fashion of the unattainable, but the girl smiling down at him from her silver frame was so womanly that Paul Anthony dreamed on.

The amusing thing was that the girl of his dreams was unknown to him. He had seen her in a musical show during his last trip to New York and had bought her picture in a Broadway shop, but he had never been introduced to her. To his friends who injured as to who the lady in the frame might be, Paul Anthony returned the same answer.

"I saw her quite often in New York last year," he'd say. "Her name is Gwendolyn Trevor. We met under peculiar circumstances."

Being pressed as to those circumstances, he preserved a dignified silence and mystified his hearers accordingly.

This had been going on for some months and his friends were beginning to wax indignant over Paul Anthony's lack of confidence in them. They told him of their love affairs, why shouldn't he return the favor?

"I don't believe he ever met that girl," Joe Bangs insisted to an audience of Paul Anthony's friends.

"Gwendolyn Trevor, what a name!" Another began, to be silenced by a loud "Sh" from Joe.

A girl carrying a suitcase was passing the drug store where the boys were congregated.

"Gwendolyn Trevor, or my name's not Joe Bangs," that worthy exclaimed. "I'll follow her and we'll have the laugh on Paul Anthony."

But in ten minutes he was back crestfallen. "She turned in at old Kelly's house," he told his hearer. "She's old Kelly's granddaughter; her name is Bessie Kelly."

"Gwendolyn or Bessie, she can have me," Tom Larkin said. "She looks enough like that picture Paul Anthony has to be Gwendolyn Trevor, anyway."

Joe Bangs had a bright idea. "I'll drop in at Kelly's," he said. "The old man likes me, and I'll ask the granddaughter to the church social tomorrow night. We can introduce her as Gwendolyn Trevor; she looks as tho she could enter into a joke; and we'll see then if Paul Anthony really knows a Gwendolyn Trevor or if he has been fooling us all these months."

Miss Gwendolyn Trevor was a great belle at the social the next evening. Old Mr. and Mrs. Kelly did not indulge in such frivolities, so there was no one there to give the joke away, and the girl herself had smilingly agreed to be introduced as Miss Gwendolyn Trevor.

Dr. Paul Anthony came late, after his office hours. He turned pale at sight of Miss Trevor and blushed red when introduced.

"You old reprobate," Joe Bangs accused him, "you never did know Miss Gwendolyn Trevor before; that picture you have is just some one who resembles her," and Paul Anthony, bewildered, was obliged to admit that this was his first introduction to Miss Trevor.

To Joe Bangs' anger and amazement, however, Paul Anthony constituted himself Miss Trevor's special companion. He took her to all the social affairs of the town, made engagements with her for nights ahead and frustrated all attempts on the part of Joe, to make a date with Miss Trevor. As a result Joe turned from a friend to a vindictive enemy and bided his time to announce to the whole town that Miss Gwendolyn Trevor was in reality old Kelly's granddaughter, Bessie Kelly.

"Paul Anthony puts such a high price on honor and truthfulness and all that sort of thing," he said, "that I'll take him down a peg or two when I show up Miss Gwendolyn Trevor."

"Perhaps she has told him she isn't Gwendolyn Trevor," Joe's listener told Joe, but Joe shook his head.

"I asked her about it tonight, pretended that I am playing a joke on Paul Anthony, and she promised me that she will let me tell him."

The night of the Elks' dance was the night set by Joe for Paul Anthony's enlightenment. Paul Anthony was there with Miss Gwendolyn Trevor, the latter a vision in white and silver. Joe Bangs rose as he looked at her, she was so lovely, and it was evident that she liked Paul Anthony. It was as she and Paul Anthony crossed the floor between dances that Joe met them under the glaring light of the central chandelier. The other dancers had scattered and the floor was clear. Joe stopped them, he stood in front of them and laughed boisterously.

"You think you are very fine, Paul Anthony, don't you?" he jeered, "and you think the lady with you is Miss Gwendolyn Trevor. Well, she isn't, she's Bessie Kelly, old Jim's granddaughter."

There was a dreadful silence in the hall, while every one stared at the center of the room. Then Paul Anthony spoke.

"Is this true, Miss Trevor?" he asked, quietly suppressed anger in his tone.

Miss Gwendolyn smiled as she nodded her lovely head.

"It is true," she admitted, "but," she added as Paul Anthony turned from her, "it is also true that I am Gwendolyn Trevor. The last is my stage name. This telegram (she handed Joe Bangs the yellow square) is from my manager in New York asking me to sign up for another year; you will see that he addresses me as Gwendolyn Trevor."

Then as Paul Anthony turned toward her, a great light on his face, she smiled as only the great Gwendolyn Trevor can smile.

"But I am not going back to New York," she said softly. "I am going to stay here with Paul Anthony."

The Chicago Kind.

MR. PACKINGTON of Chicago, visiting in New York, was introduced to a lady as from that growing town.

"Ah," she smiled, with the keen cynicism of the effete East. "From Chicago? I suppose you have Indians out there?"

"Yes, madam, some," he replied humbly.

"Ah! Aren't you afraid of being scalped?"

"Not now, madam; not now," he responded, with profound sincerity. "I was before I came to New York, but having been skinned as I have by these New York Indians, I consider scalping by our Chicago breed as a mere bagatelle." Then there was a lull in the conversation.

A Matter of Duration.

ON THE Bassans docks at Bordeaux, France, an old-time sergeant of a negro regiment was having trouble with a detail of men of his own race, who seemed inclined to loaf on their work of loading box cars with provisions for the Army of Occupation. Addressing one negro, who was especially lazy, he exclaimed:

"Come on, you. Git to work, dar!"

"Shucks, sergeant," replied the lazy one, "Ah 'listed foh de wah, an' hit's over."

"Yo' all's a durn fool," the sergeant yelled. "Yo' listed foh de wah. Y-a-a-s! An' also foh de duration of de wah. Now, nigger, de wah hit's over, but de duration, hit's jes' done begun."—Judge.

It Was Time.

THE sportsman went out for a day's rough shooting. Not being a particularly goot shot, the bag was' nil, and, as he did not like to return empty-handed, he bought a hare in the town on the way home.

He presented it to his wife, who, after expressing her thanks, thoughtfully remarked:

"It was a good thing you shot that hare when you did, John; it wouldn't have kept another day."

HEALS CHRONIC LEG SORES

Dr. H. J. Whittier, Suite 8, 1109 McGee Street, Kansas City, Mo., practicing in Kansas City since 1885, quickly heals leg sores and Varicose Ulcers without knife or pain. Our readers who are afflicted should write for free illust'd book. Adv.

CLASSIFIED WANT ADS

SONG POEMS WANTED

SONG-WRITERS MANUAL AND GUIDE sent free! Contains valuable instructions and advice. Submit song-poems for examination. We will furnish music, copyright and facilitate publication or sale. Knickerbocker Studios, 306 Gaiety Bldg., New York.

WRITE A SONG—LOVE, MOTHER, HOME, childhood, patriotic or any subject. I compose music and guarantee publication. Send words today. Thomas Merlin, 219 Reaper Block, Chicago.

SHORT STORIES WANTED

WRITERS! — STORIES, POEMS, PLAYS, etc., are wanted for publication. Literary Bureau, B4, Hannibal, Mo.

MEDICAL

TO SUFFERING MEN AND WOMEN. IF you have lame back, failing memory, loss of ambition, despondency, unfitting you for the ordinary duties of life; or if afflicted with any chronic nervous, blood, kidney or bladder disease. Remember; we are specialists in these diseases. Write; book symptom blank and advice free, sealed. Dr. Meyers, 316 Nicollet Ave., Minneapolis Minn.

PATENTS

FREE BOOK ON PATENTS—WRITE TO-day for Free Copy of "How to Obtain a Patent." Contains valuable information and advice to inventors. Tells how to secure Patents. Send model or sketch of your invention for opinion of its patentable nature—Free. (20 years experience) Talbert & Talbert, 4276 Talbert Bldg., Washington, D. C.

PATENTS PROMPTLY PROCURED. PERsonal, careful, and efficient service. Highest references. Moderate fees. Send sketch or model for actual search and advice. George P. Kimmel, Master of Patent Law, 202 Loan & Trust Bldg., Washington, D. C.

TRICKS—GAMES

MAGIC GOODS, DICE, CARDS, GAMES, books, tricks. Catalogue free. National Supply Co., Box 116, Hurdland, Mo.

MAGIC GOODS, BOOKS, CARDS, LODE-stone, dice, tricks. Catalog free. B. L. Smith Co., Newark, Mo.

MEN

GET VITAL STRENGTH, RETAIN YOUTH-ful vigor. Wonderful results. Intensely interesting booklet free. Winslow D. Chase, Washington, D. C.

Classified Want Ads

Information— The rate for one insertion in The Saturday Blade and one insertion in Chicago Ledger is 30 cents a word, minimum 14 words, less 3% for cash. Each initial and group of figures is counted as a word, and the name and address are also counted. This is the minimum rate; neither more nor less is charged, irrespective of size or number of insertions. An ad may appear in both publications of the same week, or in the Blade of one week and the Ledger of the next.

W. D. BOYCE CO., Publisher, 500-514 N. Dearborn St., Chicago.

SALESMEN WANTED

BIG TEXAS OIL COMPANY WITH VALUABLE holdings, want salesmen to represent them, liberal commission. Write, O'Donnell-Wogan Oil Co., Cisco, Texas.

AGENTS WANTED

500 AGENTS WANTED AT ONCE FOR Mitchell's Magic Marvel Washing Compound. 300% profit, enormous repeater. Washes clothes spotlessly clean in ten to fifteen minutes. One thousand other uses in every home. Astounds and delights every woman. Nothing else like it. Nature's mightiest cleanser. Contains no lye, lime, acid or wax. Free samples furnished to boost sales. We positively guarantee the sale of every package. Exclusive territory. Own your own business. You cannot fail to make big money. Barber, Ohio, made $600 last month. Send for free sample and proof. Hurry, hustle, grab this chance. L. Mitchell & Co., Desk 310, 1312-1314 E. 61st, Chicago.

MAKE $30 NEXT SATURDAY. AGENTS— salesmen—district managers—brand new invention selling like wildfire. Sell Speederator for Fords— so good it's used by 17 officials of Ford Motor Company. Makes any Ford run like a Packard. Stops stalling and bucking. Put on quick—no special tools nor holes to bore. Instant satisfaction. Listen: Make money quick—sell ten to twelve a day easy. McAllister, Ills., sold four first afternoon; profit $12. Helton, Utah, makes over $300 every week. Dane, W. Va., $55 a week spare time only. Hurry, write quick for details and exclusive territory. Address Perrin Metal Parts Co., 1029 Hayward Bldg., Detroit, Mich.

BIGGEST MONEY-MAKER IN AMERICA. I want 100 men and women quick to take orders for raincoats, raincapes and waterproof aprons. Thousands of orders waiting for you. $2.00 an hour for spare time. Maher made $597.50 in June. Nissen $19 in three hours. Purviance $207.00 in seven days. $2,500 a year profit for four average orders a day. No delivering or collecting. Beautiful coat free. No experience or capital required. Write quick for information. Comer Mfg. Co., Dept. B-146, Dayton, Ohio.

$9,024.65 PROFIT MADE BY 32 AGENTS selling Scott Official History of Negro in World War. Sale just begun. Millions will be sold. Hutto of Georgia made $66.50 first two days. Kasper of Mass. made $48.58 eleven hours. Live agents make $1,000 in three months. We are headquarters. Pay express. Give premiums. Ship promptly and allow best terms. Outfits free. Phillips Publishing Co., Chicago, Ill. Atlanta, Ga.

AGENTS—GET IN ON THE BIG MONEY line. Ho-Ro-Co Products sell fast and repeat often; full line of guaranteed toilet articles, soaps and household specialties; established demand. Quality and co-operation is our policy. Free sample case offer. You make a start at once. Profits from 100 to 140 per cent. Exclusive territory. Write for particulars at once. Ho-Ro-Co, 125 Locust St., St. Louis, Mo.

EITHER SEX. TWO GUARANTEED ARTICLES—companion sellers. Oglevie earned $41.00 in 3 days in a city. McCurdy earned $12.00 one day in small village. Latter has sold our goods successfully for years. 15c brings samples and full particulars. In business 24 years. J. Field, Dep't. 3, Muscatine, Iowa.

LIBERTY PORTRAITS BIG WINNERS. Thirty days credit—36 hour service—rejects credited. World's famous Peace Paintings now ready. Easy $100 weekly. Write quickly for catalog, and free samples. Consolidated Portrait Co., Dept. 12, 1036 W. Adams St., Chicago.

AGENTS—STEADY INCOME—LARGE MANufacturers of handkerchiefs and dress goods, etc., wishes representative in each locality. Factory to consumer. Big profits, honest goods. Whole or spare time. Credit given. Send for particulars. Freeport Mfg. Co., 52 Main St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

AGENTS—HERE'S THE BEST LINE OF food flavors, perfumes, soaps, toilet preparations, etc., ever offered. No capital needed. Complete outfits furnished free to workers. Write today for full particulars. American Products Co., 1625 American Bldg., Cincinnati, Ohio.

PORTRAITS, MEDALLIONS, PHOTO PILlow tops, luminous crucifix, photo plates, frames, sheet pictures, papier mache frames, etc. Lowest prices; rejects credited; prompt shipments; 30 days' credit; catalog and samples free. Jas. C. Bailey, Desk A-2, Chicago.

THE MASTER KEY IS THE BEST AND most convenient for household use; opens 20 different locks. Sent postpaid on receipt of 10c or complete set of three for 25c. Safety Key Holder free. Sharpe Mfg. Co., Paterson, N. J.

DON'T ACCEPT AN AGENCY UNTIL YOU get particulars regarding Bero Tablets. 400% profit. Customers excited. Agents coining money. Prohibition assures quick sales. Wonderful opportunity. Write quick. Bero Company, 543 No. Dearborn, Chicago.

WE START YOU IN BUSINESS, FURNISHing everything; men and women, $30.00 to $100.00 weekly operating our "New System Specialty Candy Factories" anywhere. Opportunity lifetime; booklet free; Z. Ragsdale Co., East Orange, N. J.

DAVIS' LUCKY SEVEN SELLING BETTER than ever. $3.85 value sells for $1.25. Mrs. Lewis sold 280 in 7½ days—profit $200. "37" varieties of other big winners. 150%-250% profit. Great crew managers' proposition. E. M. Davis, Dept. 609, Chicago.

AGENTS $40 A WEEK SELLING GUARANteed hosiery. For men, women and children. Must wear 12 months or replaced free. Agents having wonderful success. Thomas Mfg. Co., 2211 North St., Dayton, Ohio.

SALES AGENTS WANTED IN EVERY county to give all or spare time. Positions worth $750 to $1,500 yearly. We train the inexperienced. Novelty Cutlery Company, 123 Bar St., Canton, Ohio.

$12.50 PER 100 PAID RELIABLE WOMAN to distribute free samples laundry soap among friends. Steady. Experience unnecessary. Dept. B. New Method Co., Burlington, Iowa.

AGENTS—NEW PATENTED CURTAIN ROD; necessity in every home; 100% profit; 4 to 10 sales at every home; write for free sample. Home Curtain Rod Co., Providence, R. I.

AGENTS WANTED (Continued.)

AGENTS—WIRELESS UMBRELLA. Something brand new. Costs no more than ordinary kind. Biggest seller ever introduced. Write quick for agency. Parker Mfg. Co., 109 Dike St., Dayton, Ohio.

AGENTS: BIG PAY AND FREE AUTOMObile introducing wonderful new gasoline saver, punctureproof, five year spark plugs and other economical auto necessities. Outfit free. L. Ballwey, Dept. 7, Louisville, Ky.

REFINED WOMEN WANTED TO SELL one of the finest face and skin creams on the market. Exceptionally easy to sell after demonstration. Big profit. Hiscox Bros. Co., Patchogue, New York.

AGENTS—A NEW ONE! HARPER'S FIBRE broom and Ten-use brush set combined. Saves broom expense; lightens housework; easy seller; first order returnable. Harper Brush Works, Dept. B, Fairfield, Iowa.

AGENTS—GET A LIVE ONE EVERY housewife buys—Dustless India Fibre Broom—sells $1.25. Big profits. Cambridge Mfg. Co., 549 W. Washington, Dept. V, Chicago.

SELL INSYDE TYRES, GENUINE INNER armor for auto tires; double mileage; prevents punctures and blowouts; tremendous demand. American Accessories Company, Dept. 126, Cincinnati, Ohio.

BIG EARNINGS EASY — STARTLING INvention. Banishes spark plug trouble. Saves gasoline. Sells like wildfire. Exclusive territory. Agents write quick. Jubilee Mfg. Co., Desk 220, Omaha, Neb.

WONDERFUL CARPET CLEANER. ONLY $4.00 per hundred. Fast seller. Sample 10c. Jas. Prescott, 1000 Van Buren, Chicago.

YOU CAN EARN 10 DOLLARS AND MORE daily with our proposition. Write for free sample and particulars. Juvito Laboratory, Dermont Branch 3, Pittsburgh, Pa.

AGENTS—EVERY AUTO OWNER WANTS gold initials on his car. Easily applied. Samples free. American Monogram Co., Dept. I, East Orange, N. J.

WE START YOU WITHOUT A DOLLAR— Soaps, extracts, perfumes, toilet goods. Experience unnecessary. Carnation Co., 26 S. Main, St. Louis.

WE PAY $36 A WEEK AND EXPENSES and give a Ford auto to men to introduce poultry and stock compounds. Imperial Co., D32, Parsons, Kan.

WONDERFUL CHANCE—MEN'S SHIRTS and furnishings at wholesale rates or make $10 daily as agent starting real business. Goodell Co., 32 Duratex Bldg., New York.

AGENTS — I'VE A NEW SOAP GAME that's a dandy. New stuff; 100% profits. Sample and full layout free. Write quick. Lacassian Co., Dept. 21, St. Louis, Mo.

HELP WANTED

EVERY READER OF THE LEDGER OUGHT to read these ads. Every week splendid chances to make money—to better yourself—to buy, sell or exchange goods or services, are offered here.

U. S. GOVERNMENT WANTS RAILWAY mail clerks. Average $117 month. Life job. Common education sufficient. List positions open—free. Write immediately. Franklin Institute, Dept. M 29, Rochester, N. Y.

DETECTIVES EARN BIG MONEY. WE teach shadowing, undercover, spotting, etc. Become an expert. We help you secure position when you qualify. Barber, 604 S. Clark, Chicago.

STOP DAILY GRIND. START BUSINESS silvering mirrors, plating tableware. Plans free. Clarence Sprinkle, Dept. 2, Marion, Ind.

MALE HELP WANTED

RAILWAY TRAFFIC INSPECTORS; $100.00 a month to start and expenses. Travel if desired. Unlimited advancement. No age limit. Three months home study. Situation arranged. Prepare for permanent position. Write for booklet CM12. Standard Business Training Institute, Buffalo, N. Y.

DETECTIVES EARN BIG MONEY. TRAVEL. Great demand. We train you. Particulars free. Write American Detective System, 1968 Broadway, New York.

MEN—AGE 17 TO 45. EXPERIENCE UNnecessary. Travel; make secret investigations, report. Salaries; expenses. American-Foreign Detective Agency, 126, St. Louis.

FIREMEN, BRAKEMEN, BAGGAGEMEN, $140-$200. Colored porters, by railroads everywhere. Experience unnecessary. 686 Ry. Bureau, East St. Louis, Ills.

AUTO EXPERTS WANTED. $35 WEEK. Learn while earning. Write immediately. Franklin Institute, Dept. M 804, Rochester, N. Y.

FIREMEN, BRAKEMEN, $150-$200 MONTHly, all railroads, everywhere, experience unnecessary. Railway Association, Brooklyn, N. Y.

MEN WANTED FOR DETECTIVE WORK. Write J. Ganor, former Govt. detective, Danville, Ill.

BE A DETECTIVE. EXCELLENT OPPORtunity, good pay, travel. Write C. T. Ludwig, 320 Westover Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

RABBITS

RAISE CALIFORNIA FURBEARING RABbits. Quick profits easily made. Something new. We pay $3.50 to $7.50 each and expressage when three to eight months old. Fur Farming book for stamp. Sunset Fur Co., 507 Lankershim Bldg., Los Angeles, Cal.

FEMALE HELP WANTED

LADIES WANTED, AND MEN, TOO, TO address envelopes and mail advertising matter at home for large mail order firms, spare or whole time. Can make $10 to $35 weekly. No capital or experience required. Book, explaining everything, mailed for 10c to cover postage, etc. Ward Publishing House, Tilton, N. H.

WE WISH TO HEAR FROM LADY INTERested in literary work. Send us a story, article or poem, typed or handwritten. If acceptable we pay you cash, if appointed on staff pay salary. Submit MS Editor, Woman's National Magazine, Desk 1015, Washington, D. C.

GOOD WAGES FOR HOME WORK. WE need you to make socks on the fast, easily learned Auto Knitter. Experience unnecessary. Distance immaterial. Positively no canvassing. Yarn supplied. Particulars 2c stamp. Dept. 78-M, Auto Knitter Co., Buffalo, New York.

WOMEN TO SEW. GOODS SENT PREpaid to your door; plain sewing; steady work; no canvassing. Send stamped envelope for prices paid. Universal Co., Dept. 54, Philadelphia, Pa.

WANTED—5 BRIGHT, CAPABLE LADIES to travel, demonstrate and sell dealers. $25.00 to $50.00 per week. Railroad fare paid. Write at once. Goodrich Drug Co., Dept. 85, Omaha, Nebr.

HUNDREDS WOMEN, 18 TO 50. U. S. GOVernment census jobs. Easy, pleasant office work. $1,140 year. List positions free. Write immediately. Franklin Institute, Dept. M 27, Rochester, N. Y.

WOMEN—$125-$200 MONTH. BECOME EXpert dress designers. Sample lessons free. Write immediately. Franklin Institute, Dept. M 854, Rochester, N. Y.

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DON'T INVEST IN OIL UNTIL YOU READ The Texas Investor, weekly magazine. Gives concise, reliable, up-to-date information and facts about most wonderful developments and fortune-making in history of Texas oil, and explains one particular opportunity in which investors should reap tremendous returns; published by practical oil operator and tells how and where to invest for greatest safety and quick results. Write for free trial subscription. C. C. Cannan, Publisher, 739 Scanlan Bldg., Houston, Texas.

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$1 DOES IT. TEXAS OIL LAND MAKING holders big money everyday. Bank references furnished. Investigate us thoroughly, that's all we ask. Results count. Our plan $1 down, balance monthly, few months gives you Warranty Deed to land. May pay profits $200 or more monthly. Maps, reports, established facts free. Address, Sourlake Texas Oil Co., 307 DeMenil, St. Louis, Mo.

MOVING PICTURE BUSINESS

LARGE PROFITS DAILY MADE IN THIS business. Openings everywhere. Small capital starts you. Complete outfits sold on installments. No experience needed. Our machines are used and endorsed by Government institutions. Catalog free. Atlas Moving Picture Company, Morton Building, Chicago.

MAKE MONEY FAST. START "MOVIE" theater with small capital. Buy complete outfit on easy payments. Openings everywhere. No experience required. Catalog free. National Moving Picture Co., Dept. B, Ellsworth Building, Chicago.

SMALL CAPITAL BUYS GUARANTEED professional moving picture machine. Complete outfits on easy payments. No experience needed. Catalogue free. Monarch Theatre Supply Service, Dept. B., 420 Market St., St. Louis, Mo.

MALE AND FEMALE HELP WANTED

GOV'T. POSITIONS ARE DESIRABLE. $1,000-$1,200 to start. Let our expert (Former Government Examiner) prepare you Free Booklet B. Patterson Civil Service School, Rochester, N. Y.

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FOR SALE—OLD COPPER CENT DATED 1818, also some other coins. Box 263, Arapahoe, Okla.

WISCONSIN FARM LANDS

LANDOLOGY FREE—A MAGAZINE GIVING the Facts in regard to the land situation. Three months' trial subscription free. If for a home or investment you are thinking of buying good farm land, simply write me a letter and say "mail me Landology and all particulars free." Address Editor, Landology, Skidmore Land Co., 112 Hall Ave., Marinette, Wis.

FARMS WANTED

WANTED — INFORMATION. FARM FOR sale from owner. D. F. Bush, 13 Phoenix, Minneapolis, Minn.

INVENTIONS

INVENTIONS WANTED—CASH OR ROYalty for ideas. Adam Fisher Mfg. Co., 44, St. Louis, Mo.

INSTRUCTION

LEARN SHORTHAND IN 5 EVENINGS. Then acquire speed quickly, easily. Success guaranteed. Write for Brochure and free proof lessons. King Institute, ED-178, Sta. F. New York, N. Y.

BOYS AND GIRLS

$20 IN GOLD TO BOYS AND GIRLS FOR special effort. Mason Co., Hancock, Maryland.

SHEET MUSIC

WHEN MOTHER SANG "HUSH-A-BYE-O." The most beautiful song you ever heard. 20c postpaid. Catalog free. Elton Music House, B. 731 Elton Ave., New York City.

PERSONAL

MEN WHO ARE LOSING OUT IN LIFE through lost vigor can find a marvelous remedy and complete restoration in 808 Tablets—the wonderful 48-hour medicine. Different from anything ever heard of. Holds world's record. $1 per box. Particulars and wonderful testimonials free. 808 Chemical Co., Dept. G, Pittsburg, Kansas.

SUFFERERS FROM NERVOUS, WEAK run down conditions should taken Juven Pills. They accomplish marvelous results. This medicine has more rejuvenating, vitalizing force than has even before been offered. Sent postpaid only on receipt of this advertisement and $1, by C. I. Hood Co., proprietors Hood's Sarsaparilla, Lowell, Mass. (Z.R.)

MEN — SEXTONIQUE NEVER FAILS TO restore strength to those troubled with nervous, weak, run-down and despondent conditions that undermine good health. Costs nothing if not cured. Write for free book. Cumberland Chemical Co., 32 Berry Block, Nashville, Tenn.

ARE YOU LONESOME? WHY NOT REceive letters of interest to you—Love, Travel, Religious, Friendship Send 25 cents, name, address, color and subject which interests you and receive list of desirable letter friends. Address, Letter Friend, P. O. Box 1417, Wash., D. C.

MARRY. THOUSANDS CONGENIAL PEOple, worth from $1,000 to $50,000 seeking early marriage; descriptions, photos, introductions free. Sealed. Either sex. Send no money. Address Standard Cor. Club, Grayslake, Ill.

MEN ON THE DOWN GRADE, REMEMBER we cure varicocele, stricture, chronic, nervous, blood, kidney, bladder and private diseases. Book symptom blank and advice free, sealed. Hinze Medical Institute, 22 Washington Ave. So., Minneapolis, Minn.

MARRY—WITHIN SIXTY DAYS, PAY when married. Send no money for our new liberty guarantee marriage plan. Nothing ever like it in America. Pilot Pub. Co., Desk 10, Marshall, Mich.

A LETTER TO DR. ROWE, THE SPECIAList, brings his serial No. 1 on varicocele, stricture & urinary diseases; every man should have it. Postage 4c. Send to day. Dr. Rowe, 112 North Pearl St., Buffalo, N. Y.

THOUSANDS ANXIOUS TO MARRY. Worth $1,000 to $800,000. Confidential descriptions free in plain sealed envelope. Satisfaction guaranteed. Peoples Club, Box 4, San Diego, California.

MOTHERS OF BED-WETTING CHILDREN, You need Pen-ine and our Book of Advice. Do not delay. Get both free. Address, The Missouri Remedy Co., Office 26, St. Louis, Mo.

A LETTER TO DR. ROWE, THE SPECIAList, brings his serial No. 1 on varicocele, stricture & urinary diseases; every man should have it. Postage 4c. Send to day. Dr. Rowe, 112 North Pearl St., Buffalo, N. Y.

GET MARRIED—JOIN MY CORRESPONDence club. Many rich members. Information free. Write today. A. Farrar, Riverside, Illinois.

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